Week ending July 2 1955
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Edward Lanchbery's thrilling life of Roland Beamont, test pilot

AGAINST THE SUN

'THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER'
by Clive Burnley

'A LIGHT FOR LOVERS'
by Robert S. Bryan

BY ROWNTREES

DIFFERENT...

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

EDITORIAL

The unwanted

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. . . . But a certain Samaritan . . . went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

Ten years after the second World War there are still 350,000 unwanted refugees stranded in Europe. Some of them fled from the Germans, some from the Russians, some from both. All have lost homes and careers, many have lost nationality.

MORE than 75,000 of them drag out existence in two hundred recognized camps on the Continent. The rest have found unofficial holes for themselves in shacks, ruins, barracks and cellars. Either they are afraid to go home or they have no home to go to.

MRS. KATHLEEN BECKH
"We must do much better"

They have no money, only a little charity; Austria allows refugees an average of £60 a year in public relief, Italy £78, Greece £25.

"Unless many of these war victims are still to be in misery in yet another ten years' time," says Mrs. Kathleen Beckh, general secretary of the British Council for Aid to Refugees, "we shall have to do much better than we have done hitherto.

"There must be more money for refugees. There must also be practical goodwill from governments, employers and trade unions in all the countries concerned. The present United Nations' four-year plan to aid refugees is based on a target figure which works out at only £16 a head of the 350,000. That is not much to restart a homeless, helpless person in a new life."

THE United Nations, in fact, together with many voluntary agencies, has been struggling for ten years to settle the unwanted into new lives in new places. The four-year plan, backed more or less half-heartedly by fifteen nations, is to get rid of the two hundred camps. But the "permanent solutions" programme envisages settling only 50,000 refugees as self-supporting, self-respecting citizens of their new states.

It is not good enough. It is a stain on the world's conscience that 350,000 men, women and children live in such wretchedness after ten years. And the responsibility rests upon everyone with a good home, a secure job, a happy family.

Not only government support is needed, but the backing of voluntary bodies and private people. Otherwise the problems of most of these despairing people will be solved only by their death.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER *by Clive Burnley* 9
HICKORY DICKORY DOCK (Final instalment) *by Agatha Christie* 18
A LIGHT FOR LOVERS *by Robert S. Bryan* 22

Non-Fiction

AGAINST THE SUN (Part 2) *by Edward Lanchbery* 12
'HELP YOURSELF' BAITS THE TRAP *by Bernard Lyon* 17
JIMMY SCOTT KEEPS THE CIRCUS LAUGHING *by Keith Ellis* 20
THE SCHOOLBOY PIONEERS LEARN ADVENTURE *by John Harman* 24

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6. GUESS WHAT?: 33. CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 37. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 42

You owe it to yourself...

says Elizabeth Allan

to own a

MORPHY-RICHARDS

HEAT CONTROLLED ELECTRIC IRON

To make a really good job of your ironing you deserve the finest iron you can get—and that means a MORPHY-RICHARDS Iron. These modern Heat Controlled irons have been designed to make your work easier, quicker and better in every way, by a firm who are *specialists in household electrical equipment*. For appearance and efficiency there are no better irons than MORPHY-RICHARDS, yet they cost less than most.

Heat Controlled Steam and Dry Iron
Uses HOT or COLD TAP WATER and gives automatically correct heat and steam for every kind of fabric. It's Heat Controlled when dry ironing, too, and has all the famous MORPHY-RICHARDS features. Chromium-plated finish.
59/6 to 65/- *inc. accessories*

Atlantic Lightweight Iron
The iron with the "Butterfly Touch". Weighs only 2¾ lbs., but gives perfect results. Automatic Heat Control, reversible flex entry for left or right-handed users and other MORPHY-RICHARDS features. No Radio or T.V. interference. Chromium-plated or coloured finish.
39/6 to 50/-

Senior Auto Control Midweight Iron
The original MORPHY-RICHARDS midweight iron and still the most popular in the world. Has the famous MORPHY-RICHARDS features plus choice of metal or glazed porcelain body.
39/6 to 50/-

Ask your dealer to show you the MORPHY-RICHARDS RANGE, or see them demonstrated at the address below.

A POWER FOR GOOD IN THE HOME

MORPHY-RICHARDS LTD., 6 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

After Shave Lotion

For a skin that sighs with relief and almost purrs with satisfaction use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion. You will like, too, its fine unobtrusive perfume.

JUNIOR SIZE - - 2/-
LARGE - - 3/6
FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

CUSSONS, 84 BROOK STREET, LONDON W1

Handiest tool in the house!

– THE STANLEY TRIMMING KNIFE

is light, sturdy and easy to grip, with 1001 uses in the home and garden. Ideal for cutting lino, wood, paper, veneer, etc., and for garden pruning. Hollow metal handle holds spare blades

5 COLOURS TO CHOOSE FROM! Grey, blue, red, green and buff

ONLY 5/6
Complete with 5 razor-sharp blades. New Hooked blades also available.

Get one at your local Tool-shop to-day

STANLEY
Registered Trade Mark
THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

FREE SPEECH

Your shape can reveal your character

I HAVE a strong suspicion that my present job depends less on my ability and qualifications than on the fact that I have a strong chin—something, according to my boss, which distinguishes a go-getter from a stick-in-the-mud.

To me this is silly—as silly as judging a man by his handwriting, or by his handshake.

Success in business, and making friends, too often depends upon first impressions and prejudice. It is time someone invented a foolproof way of gauging character.—I. K., Dover.

"If a rather fat person enters my surgery I know he will be susceptible to high blood pressure and kidney disease—and also be cheerful, bouncy and talkative," says a doctor. "Briefly, he is an endomorph. An ectomorph is thin, obsessional and creative—and given to duodenal ulcers. But the 'doers' of the world are the mesomorphs—big, tough and forthright.

"Characteristics like jutting chins and strong handshakes are valuable evidence of which group a person belongs to. This way of judging character is often surprisingly accurate. If a person walks with drooping shoulders and speaks in a quiet voice, he is probably an ecto. An endo is inclined to waddle and be noisy, a meso to have quick reactions and a forceful way of speaking."

Errant Cycles

IN Hull, city of more than 100,000 cyclists, over 80,000 cycles are registered with the police in a campaign to cut the amount of cycle stealing. Of 950 cycles reported missing or stolen in Hull, in 1954, 942 had been left unlocked. The police are leaving notices on unlocked cycles advising their owners to take precautions.—H. J. SANDERSON, Studley Avenue, Hull, Yorkshire.

. . . Pedal cyclists should be compelled to insure their liability to Third Parties in case of accident. A cycle can be as lethal as any other vehicle.—R. Cox, Blackheath, Staffs.

All members of the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union are automatically insured up to £1,000 for Third Party risks.

Mighty Runner

THE mile was run in under four minutes years ago, as anyone can see by the tombstone of Gitto Nyth y Fran (Griffith of the Crow's Nest) at Llanwonno churchyard, Glamorgan. Gitto raced over hill and down dale for twelve miles, which he

covered in fifty-three minutes. But he must have run many of those hilly miles faster than others. He was killed by his sweetheart when she clapped him on the back for his grand run.—J. EDWARDS, Merriott, Somerset.

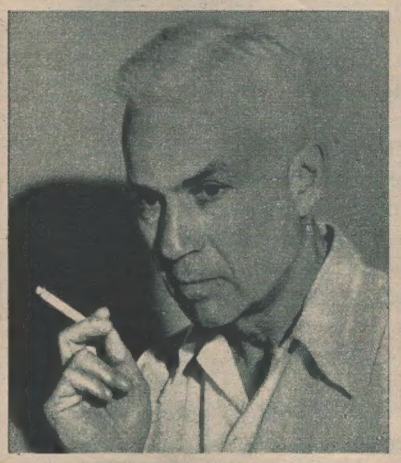
The tombstone is to the memory of Griffith Morgan, who died in 1737 aged 37. A fine runner, he beat a man from Bedwas in a twelve-mile race which he ran "in seven minutes under the hour." The rest of the story appears to be legend.

Open Cheque

I OFTEN wonder why people are willing to pay thousands of pounds for one Stradivarius violin. There is a perfect "Strad"—"The Messiah"—in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The late owner, Alfred Hill, was offered an open cheque for it by an American, but preferred not to let it leave the country.—A. A. BROWN, Hayes, Middlesex.

Stradivari, the master violin craftsman, made over a thousand musical instruments before he died in 1737. About five hundred of his violins still exist, and they vary in value, depending upon their tone, the quality of the materials and workmanship, the year they were made and the amount they were used. Some fetch less than four-figure sums but the Messiah, the finest of them all, is priceless.

Alan Le May



His superb new novel

THE SEARCHERS

begins next week

Further details on page 10

Cost Of Learning

BECAUSE of the shortage of teachers caused by their poor salaries (JOHN BULL editorial, June 4) I suggest a bonus scheme as an interim measure. A teacher taking over a larger class than the usual should be paid extra for every additional child. Some local authorities would then be less complacent about their teacher-pupil ratios. — R. HOWE, Thurnscoe, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

. . . Teachers are work-shy, and their salaries are not inadequate. With basic minimum salaries at £450 a year, and the basic maximum at £725, teachers are very well paid for the number of hours they work.—MRS. J. B., Stafford.

. . . Extraneous duty, like dinner duty, has turned teachers into nursemaids. School meals are no longer necessary, and the money saved by abolishing them could be spent on new schools.—T. J., Plymouth.

. . . Elementary lessons could be taught on TV, leaving "live" teaching of advanced subjects to the existing staffs.—A. H. JAMES, Maidstone.

Animal Antics

IN Nice we stopped at a café for a pot of "tea." The man at the next table had a mongrel dog which, when we spoke, got up, barked and wagged its tail. The owner said that the dog had been brought from England three years before, and that when it heard English it always showed that it had not gone entirely French.—F. GALE, Cardiff.

. . . I saw a line of twenty-five caterpillars crossing the road in single file. Each one seemed to have its place, and when I removed the leader the rest looked lost.—R. H. RICHARD, R.A.F. New Camp, Gibraltar.

"Animals remember the sound of the language they were reared on," says a circus official. "When we lost our Italian trainer of chimps the monkeys showed no interest in any other language. Also, we are having to wean our four new Indian elephants away from the words they understand." The caterpillars were of the "processional" kind, says an expert. "They feed on pine trees and follow the leader in search of fresh food, often putting down a silken trail for the tail-enders to follow."

Deafening Glasses

WHEN my mother put on a dark pair of sun-glasses at the seaside, I had to talk loudly in order to make her hear me. She said her ears were tingling, and that she was feeling deaf. But when she took the glasses off her hearing was normal again.—K. PHILLIPS, London, N.W.6.

"People who are slightly deaf, but may not realize it, unconsciously come to rely on lip reading, and other visual signs, to aid their hearing," says a doctor. "By putting on thick sun-glasses such folk deny themselves visual aid, and may become aware of their deafness."

Arctic Chess

THE delightful story of Raffles and the chess players (JOHN BULL, May 21) reminds me of the island of Grimsey, in the Arctic, renowned for its chess-playing inhabitants. The Icelanders tell how a boy from Grimsey was sent by the Bishop of Holar to be educated at a cathedral school, after he had beaten the bishop at chess.—MISS J. TURNER, Marple, Cheshire.

Golden Sands

VISITORS to Crosby are surprised to see chestnut paling on the foreshore. This deals efficiently with wind-blown sand which, blown through the gaps in the fence, meets reduced air velocity on the leeward side and is deposited in drifts which may extend seventy feet behind the screen. Seventy-five tons of sand sometimes collects, and the sale of it helps to lighten the ratepayers' burden.—J. NEVILLE, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

Drab Palace

WHEN I proudly asked two American friends for their chief impression of London they replied: "The dirty condition of Buckingham Palace. We always imagined your Queen's home to be a beautiful white building, and we were disappointed to find it so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

There's something better to eat in Summer County

MRS. GRANT HAS A KNACK WITH PICNICS

Her idea is to pack tomatoes, cucumber and lettuce separately, then slice them up and slip them *on the spot* into sandwiches already spread with country-fresh Summer County. This way they are never dry, never soggy — however long the wait to tea time. Mister, Master and Miss Grant all agree: Mummy's the finest sandwich maker in Summer County.

Summer County children are healthy!

"What a fresh, *natural* flavour!" That is the first thing people notice about Summer County. But a *mother* soon notices something else, too . . . that her children love it and thrive on it. As a matter of fact, every golden pound of Summer County Margarine gives them more sunshine vitamin A than they get, on average, from 24 glasses of milk. When you give your children a margarine of this quality you are giving them one of the most wholesome foods they can possibly have. And because of its price you can give it to them generously.

Summer County Margarine

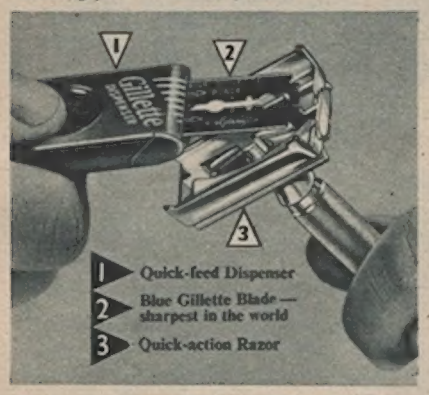
with a true country-fresh flavour

SCY 15-1345-G VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

Going on holiday?

Then slip a Gillette 'Rocket' Set into your bag and you're booked for the best shaving you've had in years.

Here it is: quick-action razor, quick-feed Dispenser with 6 Blue Gillette Blades, all in a handy travel case.



Twist—the razor's open. Click, and a new blade is loaded from the Dispenser. Twist—the razor's ready. Faster than the Brighton Belle — that's Gillette Superspeed Shaving!
So remember, put a Gillette 'Rocket' Set down on your packing list. It's wonderful value, only 6/6.

You can take it with you
Playmates

ULTRA TWIN

17gns
(excluding batteries)

Combined mains and battery set

It's 2 sets for the price of one

Plug the Twin into the mains indoors . . .

unplug . . . and it goes on working

ULTRA *— your choice and mine*

ULTRA ELECTRIC LIMITED, WESTERN AVENUE, ACTON, LONDON, W.3.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

drab and grey." I had to admit they were right.—D. KENDRICK HOLLAND, Gosforth, Newcastle.

"The west front of the palace is in Bath stone, and we have been refacing it," says the Ministry of Works. "The east front, looking down the Mall, is in Portland stone and was cleaned just before the war. We are thinking of doing it again."

Going Up!

GLYN DANIEL'S *Guess What?* series has done at least one antique dealer in this city a bit of good. In his shop the other day I found one of Dr. Daniel's pottery furniture supports (*Guess What?*, June 18).

The dealer said it was a rare early Staffordshire fireplace ornament. "You rest the fire-irons on it. Expensive, I'm afraid—a guinea!"

I showed him what Dr. Daniel had said about it, and he was quite taken aback. When I passed his shop a day later I found this "rare" piece correctly labelled, and with an amended price ticket. It now costs two guineas.—R. M., York.

The Real Poirot

I CANNOT agree with artist Fancett's portrayal of Hercule Poirot in "Hickory Dickory Dock." Surely the head should be more of an egg shape. As for the moustache, a little more wax is indicated, to get those neat points. In the JOHN BULL of May 28, Poirot gives the impression of at least

Laughton's Poirot *Sullivan's Poirot*

medium height. But I am sure he is a dapper little man.—J. F. KNIGHT, Newcastle.

. . . Fancett must know that Poirot is the owner of a bald, egg-shaped head. Yet here he is with a crop of dark hair.—MISS B. E. HURLEY, Sawley, Nottingham.

Francis L. Sullivan's portrayal of Poirot was Fancett's model. Sullivan took over the part from Charles Laughton when "Alibi"—the stage version of "The Murder Of Roger Ackroyd"—went on tour in 1928. He also played Poirot in "Black Coffee" (1931) and in "Peril At End House" (1940.)

Gay Dreams

TO say that a Japanese mother dreams of a geisha's life for her daughter ("Cut Price Empire At The Crossroads," JOHN BULL, June 4) is no more sensible than to say that an English mother dreams of a chorus girl's life. The peasant girls, from whose ranks the geishas usually spring, combine envy and admiration of the geisha with latent contempt.

The red ball on a white ground—the Hi-no-maru—has been the national flag of Japan since 1859. The "sun with rays," better known abroad, is the military and naval standard.—OMORI HARRIS, St. Mary Cray, Kent.

Misspent Money

THE saving of old windmills ("Free Speech," May 28) is done mostly by voluntary subscription. But it seems a waste of money.

There is a school for spastic children in Newcastle which can use all the money it can get. Many blind people need wireless sets, and old folk require help.

The money used for the preservation of ancient buildings, which have had their day, should be spent on the future. — MRS. E. REID, Longhorsley, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Altitude Problems

SHOP awnings and road signs become dangerously low when you are six feet four inches tall. But the most cramping experience is having to stand downstairs on a bus. The other day I was standing near the front of a bus when the conductor cleared a passage and beckoned me towards him. Putting me on the platform he said: "This is a public conveyance, not an instrument of torture."—R. MILLS, Guildford.

. . . The real reason for the shortage of policemen ("Free Speech," June 4) is the height barrier. The average height of Britons is five feet seven inches, and the Metropolitan Police minimum is five feet eight inches: one inch knocked off would solve the recruitment problem.—S. LACEY, Norwich.

The Metropolitan minimum height was reduced by an inch from five feet nine inches in 1946. The City of London police have a five feet eleven minimum; it used to be six feet. Provincial requirements vary.

Coal Tip

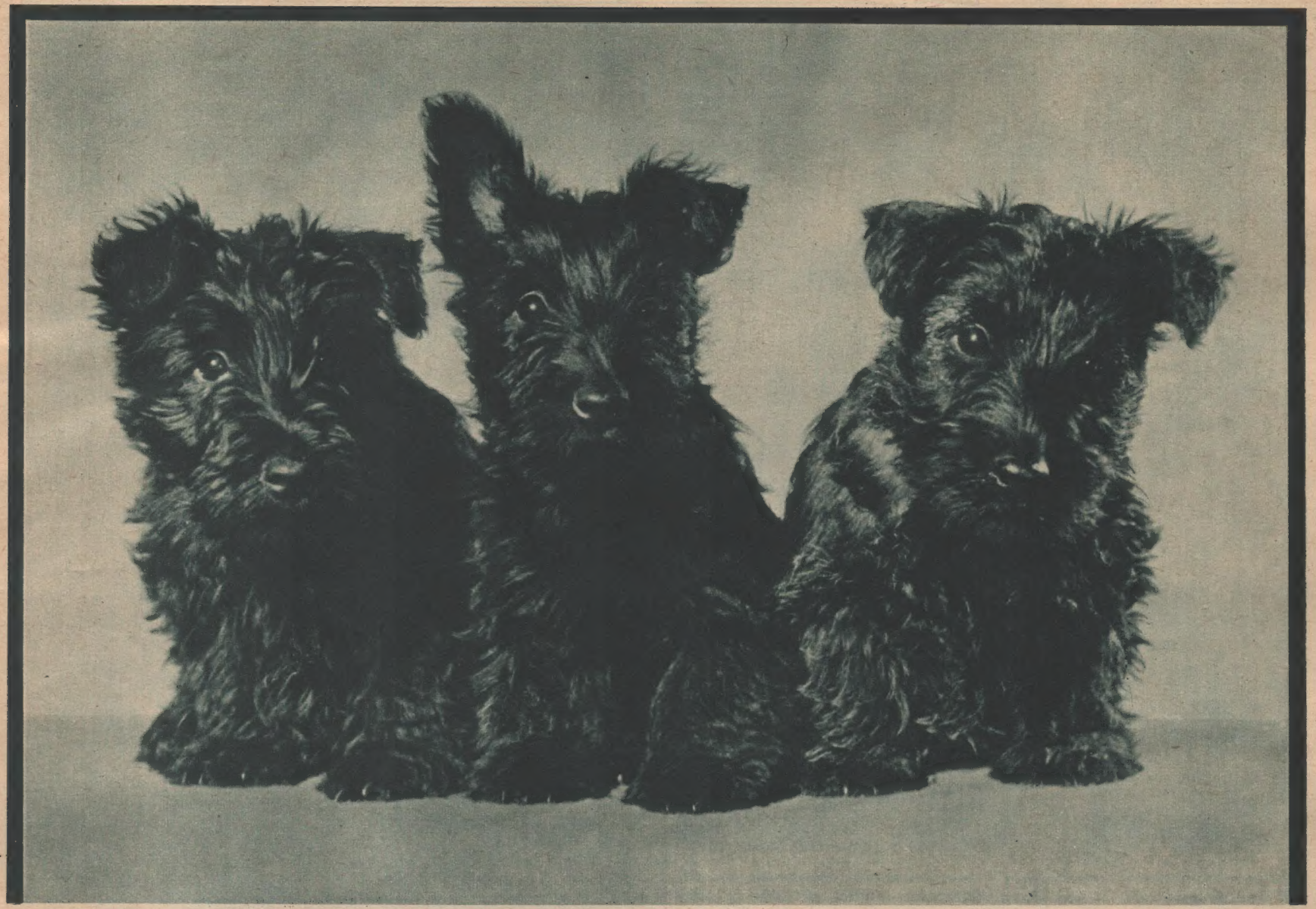
PEOPLE who salvage coal from pit tips are worthy of praise, and not the fines they sometimes get. — C. REES, Bryn Road, Neath.

"The public must be protected from dangerous tips," says the National Coal Board. "Modern methods of mechanical cleaning are so efficient that very little useable coal reaches the tips anyway."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ONE of the disappointments of growing up is finding how little fun there is in those adult habits like riding in trains every day, making beds—and shaving. Laurent's cover youngster will soon realize that shaving is just a painful way of waking up. But for the moment lather and a wafer of steel are tokens of manhood, and young logic can argue that when a face is shaved it doesn't need washing. Mother, however, doesn't take kindly to the experiment. It's yet another indication of how quickly her family is growing up; and there's the bathroom floor to mop and Father's razor to be rescued—or was that the blade she used to cut the lino?



My echo, my shadow and me . . .

Time will dim their wonderful *puppiness* . . . such a shame they'll have to grow up. Take them now to treasure with the Faces and Places you will always want to remember.

Choose HP3 for action shots and exposures in poor light; FP3 for superb grain-free enlargements; Selochrome for sparkling outdoor shots. You can't go wrong with any of these famous films—they fit all popular cameras and you'll get a good picture every time.

In their true colours

If you own a 35mm. miniature camera, it's just as easy to use Ilford Colour Film as black-and-white. Every picture takes on a fresh delight in vivid, natural colours.

Ilford Colour Film is supplied in 20-exposure cassettes. The price includes the cost of processing and mounting your transparencies, and you can have the pick of them enlarged into postcard-size Ilford Colour Prints at four for 10/-.

Aberdeen

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES

in black-and-white in all popular sizes. In 35 mm. colour, too!

Mrs. Sharples is married and has two children. She's always willing to lend a hand when there's a social to be arranged, and is a keen member of her local Choral Society and several other groups. And in the evenings there's nothing she and her husband like better than a glass of Mackeson. "It's the most refreshing drink I know," she says. "So strong and yet so smooth, so easy on your palate. Try it and taste the difference."

DON'T TELL MRS. SHARPLES

THAT WOMEN DON'T LIKE STOUT

MANY PEOPLE think of stout as more of a man's drink—a little too strong for a woman's taste and perhaps too bitter. They should talk to Mrs. Sharples about that.

It's two years now since Mrs. Sharples first tried a glass of stout. She hadn't been well, and someone told her that stout was just the thing she needed. She tried a Mackeson. She liked it. Since then she's always asked for Mackeson. **"It's done me a world of good," she'll tell you. "I wouldn't be without it for anything.**

"It's a perfect drink for a woman," she says. "Refreshing and beautifully smooth. Certainly, nobody could call a Mackeson bitter. *And don't tell me that women don't like a strong stout like Mackeson; the short drinks they have are quite as strong.*"

Mrs. Sharples is right. And many other women too are finding Mackeson a strong, smooth stout—a most wholesome, satisfying drink to enjoy.

Try it—and taste the difference.

Mackeson is a strong stout. And yet Mackeson has a unique *smoothness*. This is because of the special brewing method employed. All who try Mackeson know it. Millions have come to prize it. And every drop of Mackeson has been bottled by the brewers to ensure that this wonderful quality comes to your palate in perfect condition, wherever, whenever you drink it.

MACKESON

Try it—and taste the difference

CIDAL for personal freshness

CIDAL contains Hexachlorophene to purify your skin—so that it is as clean as a surgeon's hands before he starts an operation. For CIDAL frees the pores of bacteria, thus tackling the main cause of unpleasant body odours. One wash with CIDAL sets up an anti-bacteria barrier that preserves your personal freshness for hours on end. And CIDAL's lanolin-rich, fragrant lather does it all so *delicately!*

Just the job for grubby little rascals!

CIDAL for children too

CIDAL helps to keep delicate skins free from pimples and other little blemishes and it protects against secondary infections of cuts and grazes.

CIDAL cream shampoo

also contains Hexachlorophene and helps to keep your hair and scalp in perfect condition. (1/3d.—giant economy size 3/9d.)

CIDAL toilet soap

CONTAINS HEXACHLOROPHENE

11D *a Long-lasting tablet.* (1/3d. *in the Republic of Ireland.*)

Write now for a FREE sample of Cidal Toilet Soap to:

J. BIBBY & SONS LTD., DEPT. NO. C1, KING EDWARD STREET, LIVERPOOL 3

The doctor's daughter

by ***CLIVE BURNLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY TANAT JONES

He found her, pale and desperate, at Suicide Corner. Who could blame him for what he did?

PETER ORPY WAS IN TWO MINDS whether or not to go into the Falcon and have a glass of beer. He felt thirsty but he had some drawings to finish. He spun a coin. It came down heads. He went in. On such slender chances do destinies hang.

Had it been tails he might have gone on living placidly for years in Steeple Barley, respected by all; he might never have spoken to Sheila Warwick and never have been hounded, hooted at and vilified.

Tod Oakes, the landlord of the Falcon, was polishing glasses. "Good morning," he said. "And what's the news from Suicide Corner?"

Peter looked rather blanker than usual; he was a lank young man with untidy dark hair and a rather anxious eye.

"Perhaps the estate agent didn't tell you about that," suggested Tod.

"Well, no," agreed Peter. "He was very frank about the drains but he didn't mention—what was it you said?"

"Suicide Corner," answered Tod. "It's notorious round here. You took Lock Keeper's Cottage, didn't you? That's the spot. There's the level-crossing and the old canal, two ways out. Why, if anyone anywhere in this entire county wants to end it all that's where they do it." He leaned forward confidentially. "Come all the way from Carbury sometimes. Two and seven on the bus. Single fare, of course."

"But that's absurd," said Peter. "I mean, in a village like this. . . ."

"The very place for it," declared the landlord. "Up in the big city

"Don't you come near me," said Sheila. "I'm not afraid of you even if you *are* mad"

Announcing Alan Le May's enthralling new novel

THE SEARCHERS

IN a remote farmhouse in Texas, Henry Edwards stood watching the black prairie through a loophole in a batten shutter—and waiting. He was afraid. He knew that the night ahead would offer no mercy to him, to Martha, his wife, to his sons, to his two daughters.

For eighteen years, he had lived in fear of this night. Now it was here. Out there in the darkness, the Indians were waiting too. At the moon's first light, they would attack. Very soon now, the moon would begin to rise. . . .

This is the tremendously powerful opening of Alan Le May's new novel of the American pioneers of the West. *The Searchers* is many things. It paints a brilliant picture of frontier life. It is part a gripping story of action, part a poignant love story.

But, above all, it is an epic of courage. This is the author's own comment on his central characters:

> *These people had a kind of courage that may be the finest gift of man: the courage of those who simply keep on, and on, doing the next thing, far beyond all reasonable endurance, seldom thinking of themselves as martyred, and never thinking of themselves as brave.*

Alan Le May has written a book that is sure to hold your attention right from the start. Superbly illustrated by William Little, it begins . . .

you can take your mind off things. You've got distractions. Down here in the country they brood. Have you seen the statistics?"

"Well, no. I——"

"There you are then. And you've got to realize we don't have the amenities of the big city. No gas ovens, no electric railways, no bottles of sleeping-pills by every bedside. What *can* we do? The old canal down at your place is the only water deep enough to drown in for fifteen miles round. Though most prefer the railway—usually the 3.50. It goes through here at a fair lick."

"I just don't believe it," said Peter.

"You'll see," answered Tod. "Just keep your eye on anybody you happen to see loafing about down there with a harassed expression. I tell you, it beats Clifton Suspension Bridge."

Now Tod was not so much talking untruthfully as hyperbolically. The small germ of fact in his remarks was that there had been—ten or twelve or maybe fifteen years ago—one tragic incident at the level-crossing and it had passed into local folklore.

But as Peter finished his shopping and drove back to Lock Keeper's Cottage he found himself brooding over the conversation. It was the first suggestion of a flaw in the idyll which, like all country cottagers, he was busily creating about his own half acre of countryside.

HE opened the gates across the occupation level-crossing which he shared with Simnel, the farmer, drove over after looking and listening, stopped and shut the gates again, then continued for another fifty yards to Lock Keeper's Cottage. This was a lovely little toy house, decorated with spiky nonsenses at eaves and ridge, like an early-Victorian railway building, smothered in creeper, and reflected every chimney pot and window pane in the smooth green water of the old canal.

Peter Orpy, at this time, was something of a man of mystery to Steeple Barley. No one in the village knew what he did for a living, what his income was or his matrimonial status or his war record or his views on agricultural subsidies or the present chairmanship of the parish council. These were the routine things that everybody who lived in Steeple Barley, except Peter, knew about everybody else in Steeple Barley.

Peter Merryweather Orpy was a fortunate young man, who had arrived at a country cottage level of affluence fairly young. All his life he had doodled funny little men on blotting pads and the backs of telephone directories; funny little men who had eventually become so funny that now he drew them rather more carefully for newspapers, magazines, advertisers and film studios, with the result that he made a satisfactory income and that his anagrammatic signature of Pyro was as well known in the country as the name of the most lavishly advertised of detergents.

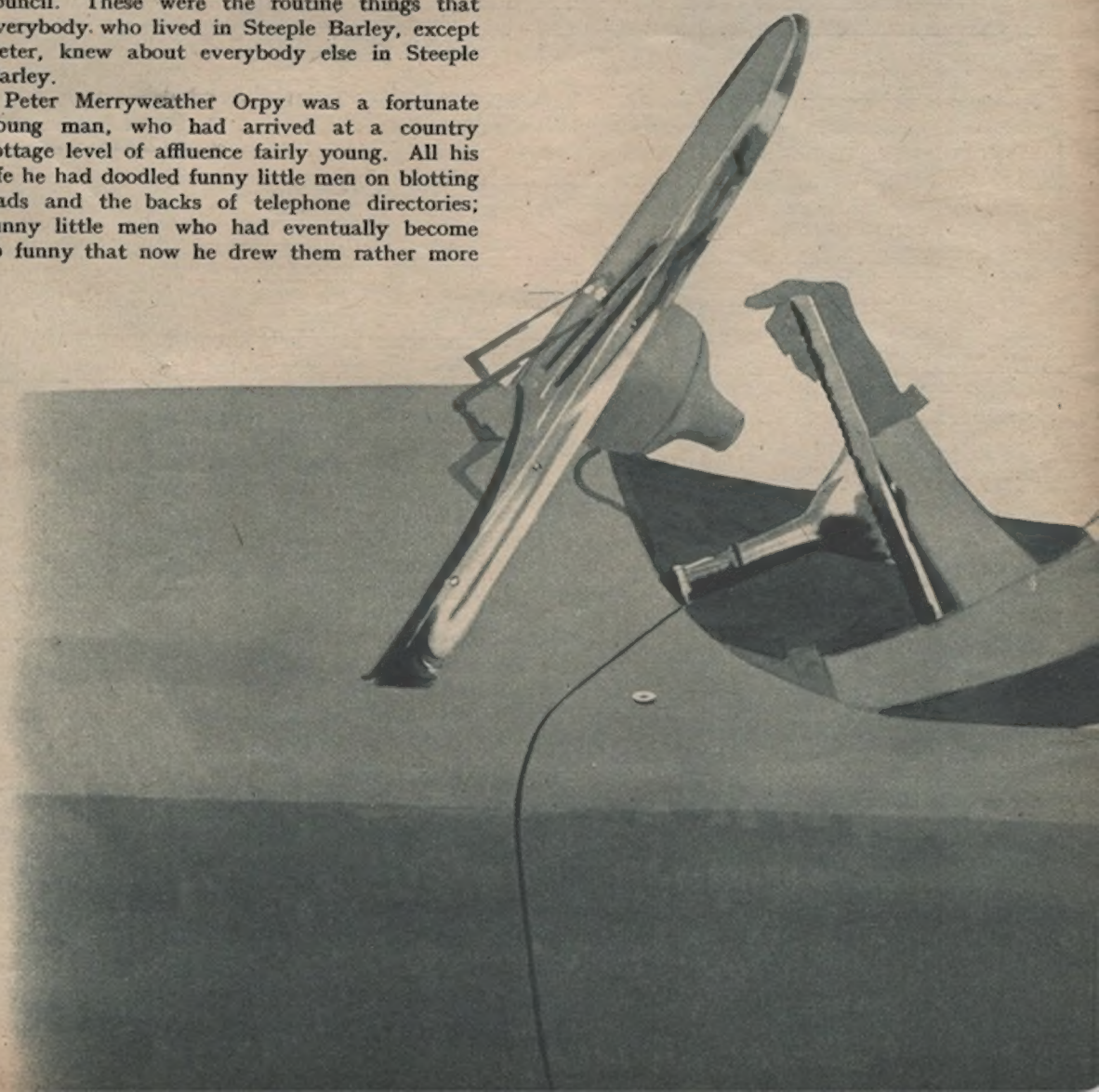
Nevertheless, even if he were a man of mystery in Steeple Barley, he was not, at that time, a monster; he became one on the day following his conversation with Tod Oakes at the Falcon.

Peter had been working that day since first light, with no other sustenance than coffee and biscuits, upon a series of drawings which he had promised his agent to put in the post that afternoon.

By 3.40 p.m. he was rather limp and his judgment perhaps not at its most judicious. About that time he looked out of his window at the warm drizzle that was falling, and saw a bare-headed and pale-faced girl sitting upon the farther level-crossing gate. She was wrapped in the faery folds of a transparent plastic mac through which the shape of her showed with intriguing fuzziness of outline as if it had been sketched in with a soft pencil.

Peter glanced at her and then resumed cleaning up the last piece of Bristol board with a cube of art gum. But he began to wonder why anybody should sit out there, pale and pensive, in the pouring rain. He looked at her again and noticed that she held an envelope in her hand. Was it addressed to the coroner? The words of Tod Oakes recurred to him.

Several times he returned to his work but the idea nagged at him. Each time he looked at the girl she seemed paler, more desperate. At least it would do no harm if he were to stroll over to the railway line. He saw himself saving her from her own rashness, taking her to the cottage, listening sympathetically to her sad story, restoring her faith in humanity by a few wise and kindly words, listening to her tearful words of gratitude. Without stopping to put



NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

on his raincoat, he walked out towards the level-crossing, glowing with knight-errantry in the warm moist breath of the wind.

He reached the nearer level-crossing gate, opposite to the one upon which the girl sat, and stopped and leaned against it, uncertain what to do. Somehow it seemed inadvisable to walk boldly up to her and cry "Don't do it!" On the other hand, he might be misunderstood if he plunged into cordial conversation about the weather. He leaned on the gate to think it out, regarded with rather hostile curiosity by the girl across the railway line. The whole world was silent except for the diffident rustle of the rain.

THE 3.50 approached from upwind and by the time Peter heard its frantic tread over the rail joints it was already very close. It suddenly occurred to him that rescue work would be easier if he were on the same side of the line as the girl, and he started to cross the tracks.

Miss Sheila Warwick had for some minutes been suspicious of this gaunt young man who had gazed at her so sombrely from the opposite gate. Her pensive air arose from the fact that the letter she held in her hand was addressed to a certain young farmer and informed him that she did not care for him in *that* way, but merely as a friend. Before thrusting it irrevocably into the pillar box, she had come here to think it over for the very last time, to make quite certain she meant it.

When she saw Peter leap the opposite gate she was ready for anything, her suspicions fully aroused. The 3.50 was now thundering down upon the crossing, thrusting up against the drizzle a great tumbling plume of smoke and steam.

Peter flung himself in front of the locomotive.

That is what Sheila said. Peter maintains his foot slipped on the wet rail. Whatever the truth, Sheila did not scream; she rushed to drag him clear, a heroic action which, of course, he completely misunderstood.

He rose to his knees and strove to push her to safety in an easterly direction while she fought frantically to thrust him to safety to the west, a conflict of purposes which inevitably made each of them believe that the other was bent on self-destruction.

The 3.50 swelled itself at a horrible rate into a vast size and clamour. Then by some gratuitous miracle it was roaring and clattering past, blowing gusts of hot steam over Sheila Warwick and Peter Orpy as they sprawled at the side of the track.

They sat up gasping. Peter was bleeding freely from the left hand.

"You mad idiot!" cried Sheila, scrambling to her feet. "You——"

"I—I had to stop you," panted Peter. "Thank God I was in time!"

"You nearly killed me, as well as yourself," said Sheila indignantly. "It's one thing committing suicide, but when you try to kill other people, that's murder. Don't you come near me!" she said, as he showed signs of rising to his feet. "I'm not afraid of you, even if you *are* mad."

"Afraid of me?" said Peter. "Why ever should you be? I should have thought you would have been grateful. Perhaps you will, later on. After all, I did save your life."

"*My* life? Why, you—you—lucky for you I did some judo once. If it hadn't been for me——"

"Well I'm damned!" said Peter. "I catch you red-handed, as it were, and you have the nerve to turn round and accuse me! If I hadn't been there, you'd have been cut to pieces by that train."

"Of all the——"

"I don't want thanks," said Peter. "I don't expect thanks. I don't want to inquire into your private life. I'm not going to hand you

Continued on page 26

Peter greeted her suavely. "I don't know how you feel about blood sports," he said, "but they've invented a new one in this village—I'm the fox"

AGAINST THE SUN (2) by Edward Lanchbery

Beamont duels with the flying bombs

Blistered arms and a scorched machine marked him as a man who fought the robots; when shooting them down was too easy, he began rolling them out of the sky

ROLAND PROSPER BEAMONT, one of Britain's greatest experimental test pilots, had his first insight into the dangers of test flying when he was sent to command 609 Squadron in 1942. The squadron had just been equipped with the new Typhoon fighter, which was being rushed into service before it could be properly tested, to face the challenge of Germany's Focke-Wulf 190. Beamont and his pilots had virtually to test the Typhoon and discover its faults in combat—and casualties were heavy.

From July to September, 1942, there was a loss of at least one aircraft per sortie from engine and structural failure. Tail units broke up in mid-air during power dives; emergency landings through engine failure became an inevitable part of the routine of flying Typhoons. To counter these morale-breaking hazards, Beamont energetically forced the Typhoon into action. Not only did he smash the Focke-Wulf tip-and-run raids, but he went over to the offensive in a highly successful series of attacks on enemy transport that won his squadron the title of "The Trainbusters." By spring, 1943, the Typhoon's superiority at low altitude over any current fighter, British or German, was beyond doubt.

But the Typhoon's troubles were not yet over. Although the rate of accidents declined as time and experience cleared up the engine faults, the problem of the aircraft's tail was more complicated. No sooner did the trouble seem remedied by strengthening and stiffening the rear fuselage than unpredictably, mysteriously, another tail broke.

Flying Into Wall Of Sound

The Typhoon—although a far cry from the P.1, the secret, supersonic fighter that Beamont is testing today—was taking aviation into a sphere of new flight problems which, for the following decade, were to constitute the prime challenge to aeronautical scientists and designers. It was carrying speed to a region in which waves of compressed air heaped into a barrier round the aircraft: into a "wall of sound," as it was described when, in later years, aircraft reached supersonic speed, and the pent-up energy in the compressed air was released as a "sonic bang."

Knowledge of the effects of flight in the sonic region was then scanty and uncertain. The severe vibration and buffeting from pressure changes in airflow, the liability to twisting and distortion of airframe and the characteristics of metal fatigue had yet to be analysed. In May, 1943, when Beamont completed his second tour of operations and was posted back to Hawker's, this time for experimental test flying duties, research was still proceeding. Ironically, he was assigned to the flight investigation of failures about which he had been complaining as a Typhoon squadron commander.

Beamont, who had hitherto flown the Typhoon in the fervent hope that the tail was not going to fall off, was now faced with a series of research flights designed to test whether stresses in the tail could reach breaking point within the design speed. The limiting diving speed of the Typhoon set for Service pilots had been 475 m.p.h., a fact much in Beamont's mind as he took off to dive the Typhoon to a speed of 500 m.p.h. Not that there was any reason to fear disaster after the easy confidence with which the Typhoon had passed every test leading up to the final dive.

Raced At Shuddering Power

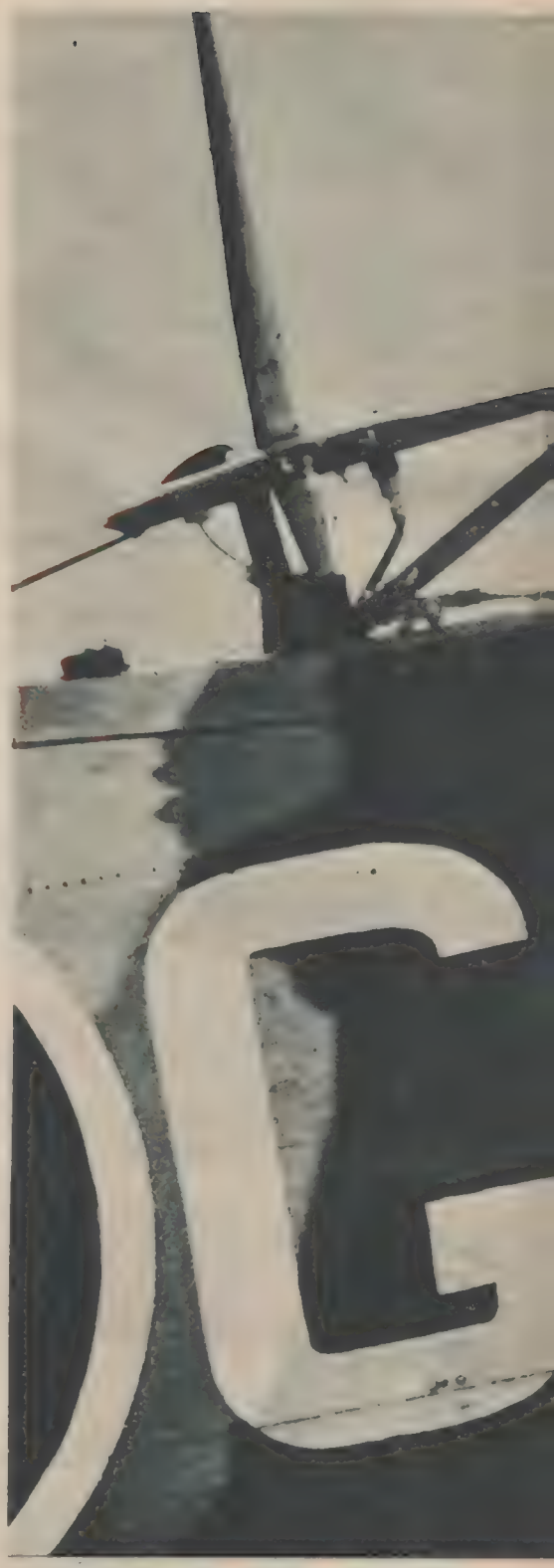
At 31,000 feet he levelled out. It was intensely cold. Far below, the earth was lost from sight under a layer of low-level cloud which spread like a blanket to the horizon. For a moment he felt swallowed in the isolation of the sky, conscious of height and loneliness. Automatically his fingers checked the tightening of the seat harness, felt the reassurance of the parachute's rip-cord, ready at hand. Then the throttle was wide open and he was racing at full power, nose slightly down to gather speed. At close on 400 m.p.h. he half rolled the Typhoon and, with speed building up rapidly, trimmed and straightened the aircraft into a steep dive.

Strain-gauges linked to tail and fuselage kept a continuous record of stress and vibration as the Typhoon, quivering and shuddering, passed the limit of 475 m.p.h. The vibration increased to a violent pitch. At 24,000 feet the speed was over 500 m.p.h., and although the tail was still there, it felt as if at any moment the whole shuddering aircraft must shake to pieces.

He tried to ease out of the dive, but his pull on the stick brought no response. He set his teeth, and with two hands on the control column, heaved with all his strength, but still the nose would not come up. The aircraft was caught in a vice. Again he fought and pulled desperately at the stick, but the aircraft was a quivering, unresponsive weight under his hands. The dive was out of control.

His hand sought the harness release, but his mind stayed it. There was height and time to spare; and always the chance that control would return at lower altitude. If not, he would bale out at about 10,000 feet.

The violence of the buffeting and shaking numbed all sense of speed as the Typhoon fell through nine thousand feet like an unsprung car hurtling on its wheel rims down a cobbled street. And then, when it seemed that man and machine could endure no more, the climax passed.



Beamont believed in the "Trainbuster" Typhoon

The increase in the speed of sound at lower altitude had widened the gap between it and the speed of the Typhoon. Shock waves dispersed, the airflow smoothed out. There was still noise and there was still vibration, but oscillations were dying away. At 14,000 feet the elevator became effective again, and by nine thousand feet Beamont had brought the Typhoon out of the dive into level flight.

Fastest Fighter In The Air

Once more the aircraft was flying quietly and responsively. No Service pilot, thought Beamont as he returned to base with the strain-gauge records of the beating that Typhoon had taken, need have any fears about structural failure through sheer speed after a flight like that.

Already, however, as he worked with Philip Lucas and Bill Humble on the development of the Tempest, he was thinking of the Typhoon as

despite its defects. He flew it in combat as a test pilot; later, his first task was to discover what made it crash—by diving it at break-up speed

an aircraft of his past. He had waged a long, personal battle to keep the Typhoon operational, and results had justified his faith; but now his thoughts were full of the Tempest which was about to join the conflict as the fastest fighter in the sky. In its performance tests Beamont had exceeded the then world speed record, and reached 477 m.p.h. in straight and level flight.

As soon as the first two or three Tempests had passed to the R.A.F., Beamont was restless again, eager to follow the tests to their logical conclusion and try the Tempest in action.

He began to haunt 11 Group, putting out feelers and dropping hints with such pertinacity that no one could be left in any doubt of what he wanted. Finally, in February, 1944, Air Vice-Marshal Saunders invited him to lunch.

"You have been flying the new Tempest at Hawker's," Saunders said. "How do you like it?"

"Very much sir. It's a fine aeroplane. The fastest thing there is, I think."

"Good. How do you feel about forming the first Tempest wing?"

Beamont hesitated in surprise. "I had been thinking of seeing you for a Tempest squadron, sir."

"Fine. Now you'll have three, although, until sufficient numbers are available, you will have two squadrons of Tempests and one of Spitfires."

Promoted to acting wing commander at twenty-three, Beamont rapidly set to work on forming the wing. By the time D-Day arrived, the new fighter had proved itself in action and come through with high honours. Then, with the Normandy invasion barely a week old, the Tempest was called on to face a new and startling menace in the skies.

Danger Came With The Dawn

On Romney Marsh on the morning of June 13, 1944, two members of the Royal Observer Corps automatically sharpened their vigilance with the approach of the danger period of first light. Out of the brightening sky above the horizon, a speck of brilliant light grew into an aircraft winging its way towards them. The shape was unidentifiable. Much smaller than any standard fighter, the machine was flying at 2,500 feet and maintaining constant speed and direction. A ball of flame burnt at the tail and the engine had a most distinctive note, an intermittent *buzz, buzz, buzz.*

The Observer Corps spotter spoke quickly into his telephone. "Diver!" he exclaimed, and the code word was passed at super priority speed to 11 Group and to the headquarters of the Air Defence of Great Britain. Hitler's long boasted secret weapon the V.1—short for *Vergeltungswaffe* (Reprisal Weapon) No. 1—had arrived. The battle of the flying bombs had begun.

In the dispersal area of Newchurch aerodrome, the Tempests were waiting at dawn in readiness for offensive operations over the Continent, when the peculiar pulsating note of the engine drew the pilots from the tent to watch what seemed to be a winged comet with a flaming tail speed towards London. Two more they saw pass on their way, and still there was no ring on the dispersal telephone to scramble them into action against the strange new intruder.

Beamont lost patience and telephoned Group. "Can't we do something about these things?" he asked.

"What can you do?" Group replied. "They

A Tempest pilot photographs a V.1 as he opens fire and explodes it. Beamont says his first attack on a flying bomb felt as if the sky had erupted and he was at the core of a volcano

Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier with his wife. Nicknamed "Boy," he controlled fighters during the

are flying bombs and the radar plots show their speed at 450 m.p.h."

"Well, at least let's have a crack at them," Beamont said. "I'll order cockpit readiness at full squadron strength."

For two days the Tempests waited to go into battle against the flying bombs. The four V.1s which arrived on June 13, proved to be only a vanguard to test launching and range, but on the night of June 15 the mass assault started.

With dawn providing barely sufficient light for take-off, the Tempests roared into the air and spread out on a patrol of the south-east coast. As they cruised along, Beamont felt a flutter in his stomach. It was absurd really, he told himself. The attack would be no more than target practice at a drogue. The flying bombs flew straight and level on a fixed course and at a constant speed. There would be no dog-fight manoeuvres, no return fire to dodge. Yet the thought of going into action against a robot instead of a man provoked a curious, eerie sensation.

They had not long to wait before the code word, "Diver," sounded on the radio, and they were vectored to a line running from between Dover and Folkestone to Calais. Shadowed by his number two, Beamont turned over the Channel, his eyes never leaving the coast of France.

He tried to puzzle out the best way of making an attack. The flying bomb's size, less than half that of an average fighter, and its speed—later more accurately estimated at 320 to 400 m.p.h.—were going to make it a very difficult target. There would be no time for a second attack; the thing would have to be knocked out of the sky in the first, quick power dive. That meant getting close enough for deadly accurate aim, but how close dare one get? If the bomb blew up in the air, what then?

The radio ended his musings. From the Folkestone sector, Flight Lieutenant John Musgrave was announcing the first success against Germany's new weapon: "There was a terrific flash and the thing went down in a vertical dive into the sea," he reported.

But Beamont had barely time to listen. They were emerging from a cloud patch at mid-Channel, and coming straight at them was the strange object, a small black speck carrying a pinhead of light. He took a quick compass check and wheeled back at maximum power on to a course to chase the V.1, which had already passed them and was out of sight.

Bombs Could Strike Back

Anti-aircraft fire from Lympne put them back on its track but it was not until Maidstone that they saw it again, and it was obvious that they were going to see no more than its heels. If it were to be destroyed before reaching London, there was no chance of closing the range, and from between five hundred and six hundred yards Beamont opened fire in a long burst that used up all his ammunition. Hits on the wing slowed the bomb considerably and, moving in, another Tempest pilot completed the kill. The V.1 rolled on to its back and dropped to explode in a field near West Malling.

Two days later, Beamont obtained his first solo success in circumstances which showed that, although an automaton, the flying bomb could strike back at its attacker. He had a good thousand feet advantage when he sighted the V.1 ten miles north of Hastings, and he held his

V.1 attacks—and liked to cut through red tape

Moments after John Musgrave had become the first man to destroy a V.1, Beamont was chasing one

height as he raced on a closing course until the flying bomb was almost beneath him.

Straining and shuddering, the Tempest roared into a dive at 450 miles an hour, and the orange flame of the flying bomb's jet slid into the gunsights. He pressed the firing button. Cannon strikes glinted and bounced like hail on the fuselage, but still the V.1 kept going.

Gone now was all consciousness of possible blast effect and minimum safety range. Gone was all thought except the one consuming desire to shoot the winged automaton out of the sky. He stopped firing. With the advantage of the dive he was still flying faster than his target, and he waited tensely, closing another hundred yards with the jet of orange flame growing like a balloon in the gunsights. He held it there, steadying his aim. His thumb tightened on the firing button. The Tempest jerked with the recoil—and the sky was red and black.

Beamont ducked involuntarily at the sight of the sheet of flame and thick, black smoke, and the scattering debris. The Tempest bucked violently. A wing went down, and he was thrown against the side of the cockpit as the aircraft flipped over into a roll. He felt the scorching heat, and a smell of burning oil and paint. The sky had erupted and he was the core of the volcano. This is it, he thought. The whirl of senses, the lights, the darkness, like going under an anaesthetic.

A moment later he was laughing at himself. The darkness and blast of heat had passed, and he opened his eyes to see the Sussex coastline above him. He had flown through the explosion of the flying bomb, and come out, upside down, on the other side.

He righted the aircraft and checked for damage. His arms were sore and his sleeves scorched from flame. A rain of burning oil had splattered the windscreen and blackened and bubbled the paint on the wings and fuselage, but that was all. No serious harm had been done either to himself or the aircraft.

The experience of being thrown upside down was not unique. With a partial vacuum created at the heart of the explosion, aircraft which had no time to turn away and avoid flying through it immediately lost their stability, although the gyroscopic action of the engine was unaffected.

Burned paint and blistered arms became the trademark of those who blew up flying bombs in the air and lived to log their victories. For not all were lucky. Some, in their keenness not to let the V.1 get away, fired from too short a range and were themselves blown up with the bombs that they destroyed.

Changed Plan Of Attack

Beamont now viewed the flying bomb as the personal enemy of the Tempest. With its advantage in speed, he was convinced that the Tempest was the best defence against the V.1 at that stage of the battle. Back at Newchurch, he decided that it was time to end the period of trial and error and map out a proper plan of tactics.

He went through in detail every combat report, and drew up a summary of his findings. He modified the wing's system of attack in pairs and, deciding that the safest and most efficient firing range was two hundred yards, ordered all gunsights to be set for that distance.

Raising the efficiency of the Tempest attacks was no more than a halfway measure, however. Success in frustrating the V.1 bombardment also depended upon the speed with which the flying bomb could be sighted. Another need, in Beamont's opinion, was the removal of interference which was hampering Tempest attacks.

Whenever a flying bomb appeared in the sky it was regarded as a general Aunt Sally for any gun in the vicinity, whether airborne or on the ground. Slow fighters were joining in the chase without a chance of catching the V.1s, but with every success in getting in the way of the faster Tempests. There was also the problem of the anti-aircraft fire, which generally fell behind the V.1 into the path of the attacking aircraft.

With the difficulties scheduled methodically in his mind, Beamont settled down to write out a report, and then flew to 11 Group headquarters with the following recommendations:

"Fighter patrols should be concentrated between Eastbourne and Dover in a belt extending seven thousand feet high and three miles out to sea.

"Within that operational area, guns should be restricted from firing, and all slow fighters should be withdrawn, leaving a clear field for the Tempests, some squadrons of special Spitfires, and Mustangs with increased boost.

"Observer Corps posts should be concentrated along that coastline at half-mile intervals and equipped with rockets to be fired towards the position of the V.1. The converging rockets should help the patrolling fighter to sight the target quickly."

The Senior Air Staff Officer of 11 Group, "Boy" Bouchier, listened sympathetically. Both he and Air Vice-Marshal "Dingbat" Saunders were men who had no time for red tape. They were always accessible to both wings

Continued on page 39

Midsummer gladness...

Whether you're breakfasting alone or providing for a family, crispy, golden-toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes are quite the most delicious dish for anybody to eat on a midsummer morn. Easy-to-serve, easy-to-wash-up after, these heart-of-the-corn, crunchy flakes with milk and sugar are delicious and satisfying for breakfast or any other meal.

All Kellogg's cereals are good to eat, any time

MORE PEOPLE LIKE KELLOGG'S MOST

'Help yourself' baits the trap

by BERNARD LYON

"I sell by temptation," says Patrick Galvani. Nothing stays on the self-service shelves when psychology is the salesman

WHEN A £25,000 self-service store is opened in London next autumn on a site which is at present a trade secret, there will be diamond-shaped marks painted in black on the floor. Spaced at intervals of about eighteen inches, they will stretch in line towards a shelf displaying goods which the management has chosen for a quick sale.

Customers browsing aimlessly, with no exact purchases in mind, will subconsciously fit their footsteps into the diamond pattern and, like aircraft homing on a radio beam, follow it to the end.

The idea is said to have worked in America, and Patrick Galvani, a director of a leading chainshop company which is financing the store, has little doubt that it will work in Britain. Like other chiefs in the retail trade, he has already found that British shoppers can be influenced by the basic theory of self-service, discovered in America, that the surest way to make customers buy merchandise is to let them hold it in their hands.

Last year, on the morning he opened a new branch in a north London suburb, a woman declared that she only wanted a quarter of tea. She refused to take a wire basket from the stack at the door, saying that it was unnecessary for such a small purchase. When Galvani, an imposing figure with thick silver hair, insisted that taking a basket was a condition of entry, she picked one up and set off, in a huff, towards the tea display.

"I was amused, though not surprised," he says, "when ten minutes later, after wandering round the display stands, she arrived at the cashier's desk with the basket laden. It contained the tea, a packet of biscuits, a tin of floor polish and a bunch of flowers."

Impulse purchases of this kind, which account for nearly one-third of the business done in self-service shops, have helped Galvani's chain of supermarkets, as they are known, to expand at a rapid rate. A subsidiary of Express Dairies, it started four years ago with a single shop. Now it has seven in carefully chosen, densely populated areas on the fringe of the capital. Two more, including the one with diamonds painted on the floor, will be opened before the end of the year, and in the Bloomsbury headquarters, where Galvani and his co-director, Arthur Arnell, work to a clatter of milk crates in a yard below, are plans for a further six.

Aware that rivals are watching him, he declines to reveal his actual profits, but he estimates that his total turnover has risen to £21,000 a week.

Ten per cent of the business takes place between six and eight o'clock on Friday evenings. "One woman in three goes out to work these days, and self-service is an answer to her shopping problems," he says. "It is the biggest innovation in retailing since goods were sold in packets."

So far, 2,600 British shops have gone over to self-service, compared with 17,000 in the U.S.A. Eighty-six per cent of them are Co-ops and

Continued on page 42

At a Richmond, Surrey, supermarket, Galvani (dark suit) stands in front of the "magic mirror." From behind it, the manager can watch pilferers

Hickory Dickory Dock

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Here, clutched between a girl's fingers, was the murderer's big mistake.... But only Poirot knew

TWICE IN A WEEK death had come to the Hickory Road hostel for students. Celia Austin had been poisoned—because she knew too much—and now the hostel owner, Mrs. Nicoletis, was dead. . . .

Hercule Poirot considered the facts. If, as he and Inspector Sharpe believed, someone was using the hostel as a base for smuggling gems and drugs into the country, it was possible that murder might be done to keep the racket secret.

The obvious suspect was Nigel Chapman, a history student who had admitted bringing a bottle of poison into the hostel: Nigel, a waspish young man, had changed his name after a furious quarrel with his father, Sir Arthur Stanley, a famous chemist, who was at present critically ill.

Then there was Valerie Hobhouse, a West End beautician, who had been so strangely upset when she heard that Mrs. Nicoletis was dead. In her job she made frequent trips to the Continent. And she admitted stealing the diamond in a ring belonging to Patricia Lane, a fellow resident.

One by one, Poirot went over the suspects. . . .

Nigel Chapman, meanwhile, was at the police station, trying to explain what had happened to the bottle of poison. He was interrupted by the telephone. The call was from his friend Patricia Lane and her voice was urgent. She said she knew who had taken the bottle.

That was all she would say—over the telephone. It was enough to send Nigel and Inspector Sharpe racing round to Hickory Road.

This, Sharpe thought, might be the break he had been hoping for. But as he followed Nigel into Patricia's room he saw that they were too late.

The girl lay slumped on the floor. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Mouse Runs Down

INSPECTOR SHARPE pushed Nigel gently aside. He went forward and knelt down by the girl's huddled body. He raised her head, felt for the pulse, then delicately let the head resume its former position. He rose to his feet, his face grim and set.

"No?" said Nigel, his voice high and unnatural. "No. No. *No.*"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman. She's dead."

"No, *no*. Not Pat! Dear, stupid Pat. How?——"

"With this"—it was a simple, quickly improvised weapon, a marble paperweight slipped into a woollen sock—"struck on the back of the head. A very efficacious weapon. If it's any consolation to you, Mr. Chapman, I don't think she even knew what happened to her."

Nigel sat down shakily on the bed. He said: "That's one of *my* socks. . . . She was going to mend it. . . . Oh, God, she was going to mend it. . . ." Suddenly he began to cry. He cried like a child—with abandon and without self-consciousness.

Sharpe was continuing his reconstruction. He said: "It was someone she knew quite well. Someone who picked up a sock and just slipped the paperweight into it. Do you recognize the paperweight, Mr. Chapman?" He rolled the sock back so as to display it.

Nigel, still weeping, looked. "Pat always had it on her desk," he said. He buried his face in his hands. "Pat—oh, Pat! What shall I do without you!"

Then suddenly he sat upright, flinging back his untidy dark hair. "I'll kill who ever did this! I'll kill him! Murdering swine!"

"Gently, Mr. Chapman. Yes, yes, I know how you feel. A brutal piece of work."

"Pat never harmed anybody. . . ."

Speaking soothingly, Inspector Sharpe got him out of the room. Then he went back himself into the bedroom. He stooped over the dead girl. Very gently he detached something from between her fingers. Then he went downstairs to start an inquiry into the new development.

First of all, he talked to Geronimo. The little Italian manservant, perspiration running down his forehead, looked at the inspector with dark, frightened eyes.

"I see nothing," he said. "I hear nothing, I tell you. I do not know anything *at all*. I am with Maria in kitchen. I put the minestrone on, I grate the cheese——"

Sharpe interrupted the catalogue. "Nobody's accusing you. I just want to get some times quite clear. Who was in and out of the house during the last hour?"

"I do not know. How should I know?"

"But you can see very clearly from the kitchen window who goes in and out, can't you?"

"Perhaps, yes."

"Then just tell me."

"They come in and out all the time at this hour of the day."

"Who was in the house from six o'clock until six thirty-five when we arrived?" Sharpe asked.

"Everybody except Mr. Nigel and Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Hobhouse. Mrs. Hubbard she go out before teatime; she has not come back yet."

"Go on."

GERONIMO continued, "Mr. Nigel goes out about half an hour ago, just before six o'clock—look very upset. He come back with you just now——"

"That's right, yes."

"Miss Valerie, she goes out just at six o'clock. Time signal, pip, pip, pip. Dressed for cocktails, very smart. She still out."

"And everybody else is here?"

"Yes, sir. All here."

Sharpe looked down at his notebook. The time of Patricia's call was noted there. Eight minutes past six, exactly.

"Everybody else was here, in the house? Nobody came back during that time?"

"Only Miss Sally," said Geronimo. "She

Inside the beauty salon, the two policemen

looked as out of place as bulls in a china shop. The Duchess turned her back on them, and said severely: "This is most unusual. Please come this way"

been down to pillarbox with letter and come back in——"

"Do you know what time she came in?"

Geronimo frowned. "She came back while the news was going on."

"*After* six, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"What part of the news was it?"

"I don't remember, sir. But it was before the sport. Because when sport come we switch off."

Sharpe smiled grimly. It was a wide field. Only Nigel Chapman, Valerie Hobhouse and Mrs. Hubbard could be excluded. It would mean long and exhaustive questioning. Who had been in the common-room? Who had left it? And when? Who could vouch for whom?

The task was no enviable one. But it would have to be done. . . .

In Mrs. Hubbard's room the atmosphere was uphappy. Mrs. Hubbard, still in her outdoor things, her face strained and anxious, sat on the sofa, Sharpe and Sergeant Cobb at a small table.

"I think she telephoned from in here," said Sharpe. "About eight minutes past six several people left or entered the common-room, or so they say—and nobody saw or noticed or heard the hall telephone being used. But I think that anyway she'd come in here if she wanted to telephone the police station. You were out, Mrs. Hubbard, but I don't suppose you lock your door?"

Mrs. Hubbard shook her head.

"Mrs. Nicoletis always did," she said, "but I never do——"

SHARPE stopped her. "Well then, Patricia Lane comes in here to telephone, all agog with what she'd remembered. Then, while she was talking, the door opened and somebody looked in or came in. Patricia stalled and hung up. Was that because she recognized the intruder as the person whose name she was just about to say? Or was it just a general precaution? Might be either. I incline myself to the first supposition."

Mrs. Hubbard nodded emphatically. She said: "Who ever it was probably followed her here, perhaps listened outside the door, and then came in to stop Pat from going on. And then——"

Sharpe's face darkened. "Then that person went back to Patricia's room with her, talking quite normally and easily. Perhaps Patricia taxed her with removing the bicarbonate, and perhaps the other gave a plausible explanation."

Mrs. Hubbard said sharply: "Why do you say *'her'*?"

"Funny thing, a pronoun! When we found the body, Nigel Chapman said, 'I'll kill who ever did this. I'll kill him.' *'Him,'* you notice. Nigel Chapman clearly believed the murder was done by a *man*. It may be because he associated the idea of violence with a man. It may be that he's got some particular suspicion pointing to

Continued on page 32

At the Tower Circus, Blackpool, circus girls help Scott to get ready for a show. He wears twelve different outfits at every performance

Scott's colourful make-up is registered with the International Circus Clown Club. The club paints designs on egg-shells and files them

Jimmy Scott keeps the circus laughing

by KEITH ELLIS

Every move that the carpet clown makes is supposed to be funny, even if there's a bad-tempered bear on his trail

BETWEEN ACTS at Blackpool's Tower Circus, Jimmy Scott, a carpet clown, was mincing around the ring-fence in a Carmen Miranda outfit consisting mainly of a fruity headdress, a cutaway skirt and a large pair of boots. Noticing a late-comer stepping down a gangway, he ogled him outrageously. "Unfortunately," recalls Scott, "I didn't realize that he was tipsy."

The latecomer insisted on entering the ring and dancing with Scott. He knocked off Scott's headdress, and kicked him in the rear when he bent to pick it up. The audience roared.

"To get my own back," says Scott, "I rubbed black greasepaint all round his mouth. Then he punched me in the face. Luckily, the ring-master got rid of him while I was getting up."

With his partner, Little Jimmy, Scott's job as a carpet clown is to amuse the audience while the ring staff changes the mats, props and cages between one act and the next. At thirty-nine, he has worked as a tumbler, acrobat and bare-back rider, but always with a clown's make-up.

"Most circus people start as clowns and finish as clowns, but I've preferred to be a clown all the time," he says. "The make-up covers a multitude of sins. You don't have to worry if anything goes wrong."

There was the day when he blew up his baggy trousers too hard—they normally need 350 strokes of a motor car pump each morning. When he tripped in the ring and fell flat on his back, his feet were so far off the ground that he was unable to get up without help. The public thought it was part of his act.

Accidents Get Applauded

Another time, in an acrobatic act, the loose cloth of his trousers wrapped itself tightly round a horizontal bar on which he was swinging, and pinned him there. With a mighty jerk, he tore himself loose. Unfortunately, he left his trousers behind and had to run out of the ring in his underpants. "The audience just thought it funny."

Some mistakes, though amusing to the audience, turn out more seriously for the performer. Once, he was doing a comedy routine in which he chased after a horse, grabbed its tail and, as it jerked him forward, let go and turned a neat somersault. Unfortunately, he misjudged his timing and to avoid falling forward on to the horse's hooves twisted sideways and banged his elbow on the ring-fence. The audience laughed.

"I had trouble with my arm for two years," says Scott ruefully. "Even now, the elbow sometimes locks when one of the five loose chips of bone sticks in the joint."

Short, broad and dark, with a widish mouth and merry eyes, Scott is known in the profession as an auguste—the clown who wears grotesque clothes and make-up and is continually getting into trouble. The perpetrator of the trouble is often the white-faced clown who wears flat white make-up and an elaborate costume. Percy Huxter, perhaps the best-known white-faced clown, has a costume with six thousand sequins.

A third type of clown, the droll, is a decayed gentleman with a dry sense of humour and an inordinate pride in his shabby but genteel clothes.

In each of the three daily shows—morning, afternoon and evening—Scott makes twelve changes and appears in a variety of check suits and comic hats. He comes on as a chef, a bride-groom and the front legs of a giraffe. In one brief interlude, he wears a teapot on his head and juggles with a cup and saucer. As he is about to leave, he bows and a jet of tea spouts from the teapot into the cup. Later, after juggling with a mop, he plants it on the floor, balances horizontally across the head and, grasping the handle, "hops" out of the ring with a series of jerks.

Elephant Refused To Budge

Besides amusing the audience between acts, carpet clowns fill in awkward gaps in the programme. In one show, the last of three elephants walking on to a theatre stage put its foot through a floorboard in the wings. Although ring hands covered the hole with a steel plate while the act was on, the elephant refused to pass the spot when the act was over. The curtain came down, and, while the trainer tried to entice the animal off the stage, eight clowns came on in relays to amuse the audience. "They told us later that our act lasted three-quarters of an hour," says Scott. "At the time, it seemed all night."

Finally, the ringmaster announced that there would be a short interval. Outside the theatre, a crowd had already gathered to see the last of the elephants walk to its quarters nearby. Scott and the other clowns got the crowd to man eight long ropes which the trainer had tied round the elephant.

"He went down on his knees when he got to the steel plate, but we managed to drag him across. After that, he wasn't frightened."

Scott himself had trouble with an animal when he was doing a comedy acrobatic act with a midget named Mickey Chapman and another clown, then only fifteen, named Jacko Fossett. He was lying on his back with his arms up supporting Chapman, who was doing a hand balance. Suddenly, Scott saw a large, hairy paw appear on his shoulder. It jerked forward and knocked his arm away. The creature walked over him.

"I looked up. It was a black Malayan bear and Chapman was on its back. After three paces, he fell off. Jacko ran after it, pinned its forelegs and put his knee in its back. He then shouted for its collar. I told him to let go because the bear was dangerous. It chased us off the stage, and the trainer caught it in the wings."

Scott's make-up, which he has perfected over

Children laugh at Scott's make-up in the ring, but they often cry when he speaks to them. Women shied away when he dressed in a gorilla skin

many years, consists mainly of an orange wig, white cheeks and black lips. The end of his nose is black and a large mouth, with upturned corners, is outlined in black on his cheeks. The edges of his face and the upper part of his nose are red but there are white patches over his eyes.

Scott has registered this design with Stan Bult, secretary-treasurer of the International Circus Clown Club, which has 170 members in its European section. Bult paints members' make-ups on egg-shells and files them; it is a point of honour with clowns not to copy make-ups. The club also registers props and gags and looks after clowns' interests generally.

The only time Scott appeared in make-up outside the ring was when a tiger broke loose in Birkenhead and the ringmaster ordered him to find out where it had gone. "I grabbed the first bicycle I saw," says Scott, "and pedalled down the street shouting: 'Has anyone seen a tiger?' Surprisingly, everyone had; they directed me to a garden where it was quietly lying down surrounded by armed policemen. Soon afterwards, the tiger trainer arrived and chased it into a tool shed."

Strangely enough, children who laugh at Scott's make-up in the ring burst into tears when he speaks to them in their seats. "But," says Scott, "when Little Jimmy and I ran through the audience dressed in gorilla skins last year, it was the women, not the children, who shied away."

James Benjamin Scott was born at Walsall in 1915. "It was between shows," he says. "My father was a bare-back rider and my mother a bare-back rider and acrobat. They had left one circus and were due to take part in another at the Agricultural Hall, Islington."

He made his first appearance in the ring when he was six. Unable to find work, his father, mother, uncle, aunt and fourteen-year-old cousin formed their own small circus and did one-night stands in villages. Jimmy was stooge to his uncle's clown. Afterwards he followed his parents from show to show.

He Left School At Twelve

"The only schooling I had was between the ages of nine and twelve and a quarter," he says. "My father couldn't read or write. When he found that I could, he considered that I'd learned enough."

After a year selling programmes and chocolates at the Royal Italian Circus in Ireland, Scott and his father moved with the circus to the Dome, Brighton. "One day, someone suggested I go in as a clown. The others made me up and lent me clothes. I stayed until I was seventeen."

Shortly afterwards, he went to an office in Tottenham Court Road, London, for a job with Chapman's Circus. There was a notice outside: "Clowns ten a penny; lion-tamers a shilling a dozen; monkeys thirty-five shillings each." Undeterred, he applied and was accepted. Gradually, he extended his range to bare-back riding and tumbling. In 1944, he was called up.

As a corporal P.T. instructor in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Scott regularly did a tumbling act with the sergeant-major on open days. Once he appeared at an army circus at Northolt racecourse. Unable to walk the distance from his dressing-room in baggy trousers, he used a motor-scooter—though he had never ridden one before.

"I put on the brake and opened the throttle at the same time," he says. "It threw me into the air. When I got up, an army colonel and a military policeman wheeled me to the ring. They said: 'Keep it going.' That, to me, meant: 'Keep the gag going.' Every time I stopped, I waved for them to give me another push."

After his demobilization in 1947, he worked in variety before joining the Tower Circus in 1950. He plays there from Easter to late September, has an act on the music halls until Christmas, and from Christmas onwards plays a clown in the circus at Olympia. He makes between £1,000 and £1,250 a year. His home is at Southsea, where his wife, Lucille, lives with his son, Roger, aged three, and his daughter, Wendy, aged twelve. In the summer the family joins him in his caravan at Blackpool.

One of the few times his clown's make-up failed to cover an irregularity in the programme was an afternoon in 1942. That morning, he had secretly married Lucille, a dancer who had recently joined the bare-back act he was then in.

"Someone must have let the secret out. When the horses galloped on, the orchestra played 'Here Comes The Bride' in slow time. Later, I found that a notice, JUST MARRIED, had been pinned on my back. I'm pretty sure the audience knew I really was 'Just Married.'" THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A light for lovers

by ***ROBERT S. BRYAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

He was a man now, but his mother wouldn't accept it. Tonight he would claim his freedom—and the girl

SEÑORA JUANA MIRA'S *pension* was the only one in Puerto that remained open throughout the year. There were many others in the tiny fishing village but, when the summer flood of visitors to Mallorca had dried up, their proprietors lit a candle to the Virgin in gratitude for a good season and rested throughout the winter months. Not so Señora Mira.

The numerous Mira family helped Señora Juana in her enterprise. A foreigner arriving in the bus from Aldea and thinking to pick and choose from a variety of hotels and *pensions* had really no choice in the matter. Once the ancient vehicle had ground to a slow and painful stop in Puerto, one of the Miras would lead the unsuspecting stranger politely but firmly up the hill to the *pension* with the white windmill and the scarlet geraniums.

The cousin or the aunt who performed such services did so out of kindness and a sense of family loyalty—and for the commission that Señora Juana gladly paid. Next morning they would be sitting in her kitchen, drinking a glass of wine and counting their ten per cent.

The rumour was that, with the assistance of these relatives, Señora Mira had amassed a small fortune in pesetas which she hid in an old stocking behind the picture of the Virgin over her bed. But no one had ever had the temerity to try to learn whether or not the rumour was true, for Señora Mira, although a woman, demanded and received the respect that was normally accorded to a man. She had a man's ability, in her business dealings, to knock the odd peseta off the price, and there was hardly a merchant in Puerto who hadn't at least one story to tell of her bargaining skill.

But, if the merchants of Puerto considered her a tartar, the fishermen and workmen of the village looked upon her as something of a saint. How many times, when the fishing was bad or work was scarce, had Señora Mira lent them money or mysteriously caused baskets of food to appear in their doorways?

Their wives accepted the food gratefully—but with reservations. It was difficult to see Señora Mira as a saint. Had not her husband left her years before? And surely a man does not leave his wife and child unless he is sorely tried? Her nagging ways had sent her husband away—and now her son Antonio was feeling the full brunt of her tyranny.

Señora Mira returned scorn for scorn. For women she had an all-embracing hatred, for had it not been a woman—some chit from Barcelona—that had lured away her husband and left her and her son to fend for themselves? They were schemers, all of them, and they had cheating ways.

She was determined that her son should not fall victim to a woman's wiles, and so far she had succeeded. At seventeen Tonio still looked a little boy—and, so the other youngsters of his own age said, acted like one. For Señora Mira stood sternly and immovably in the way of any further growth beyond boyhood. Consequently he was known as *el chico viejo*, "the old boy." It was an accurate description.

Until this year Tonio had raised no objection to his mother's determination that he should not go out with girls. Let the other *chicos* play their guitars under the windows of the young señoritas, and sleek their hair back and swagger around. Not Tonio.

A more dutiful son could not be desired, and Señora Mira, kneeling in the church each evening, said a prayer of thanksgiving for such a blessing. Sometimes she would attempt a prayer for her errant husband too, but the words would stick in her mouth, making her turn away in bitterness.

The first intimations of trouble came when the elderly Englishwoman arrived with her sixteen-year-old niece for their annual visit. In the past Tonio had barely noticed the girl. Now, his mother saw, he lingered over her plate. And when he was not serving the other guests, he stood transfixed against the wall, unable to take his eyes off the girl.

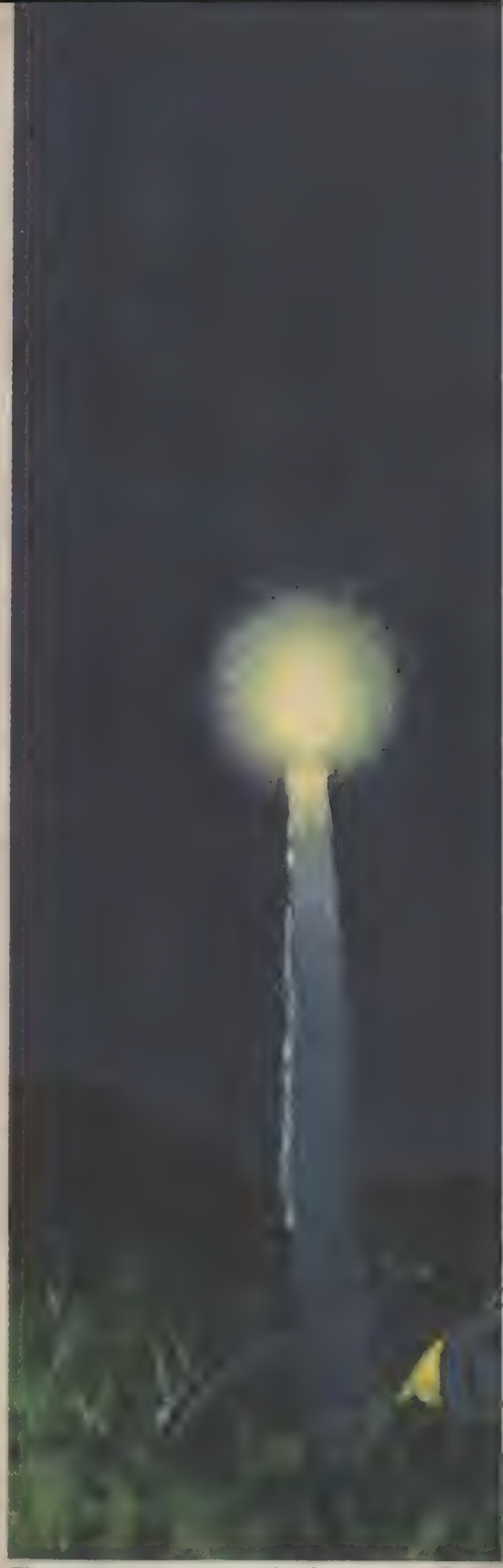
There had come a point when Señora Mira was unable to stand any more. "You lazy lout," she shouted one day, catching Tonio in the kitchen and boxing his ears. "Have I not told you about women and their wicked ways? Attend to your work and place your eyes elsewhere, not on the English girl."

TONIO lowered his eyes, as ordered. And for a few days it seemed that he had learned his lesson. His mother, indeed, did not notice the change when it came. But it did come. He became silent and abstracted, and began taking long walks by himself, roaming over the mountains that surround Puerto.

Other residents of Puerto would meet him there, still looking no more than a boy, and yet with such an intent and ageing look on his face that they knew that his troubles did not belong to the world of childhood.

"Watch out, now," they told each other. "Soon Tonio will break out of his cocoon, and then we shall see something."

The winter passed and still the volcano which



There was a movement in the darkness. "Who is

was Antonio Mira only smouldered and rumbled. But when the spring came and the almond trees were in full bloom and the sun began to bake the hard, dry ground, Tonio ceased his walks on the mountains and began to roam the streets of Puerto.

One day he came to the house of Paquita, one of the village girls he had known all his life, but with whom he had always been extremely shy. He stopped in front of the door with his hands in his pockets—and just stood there.

"Ah, Tonio," said a voice, "why don't you go home and help your mother like a good boy?"

Looking up, Tonio saw Paquita's head hanging out of the window; and somehow, perhaps because he had never before seen her from such an angle, he perceived something about her he had not noticed until now.

"Be careful," Tonio said.

"But Tonio, I would always be careful of

' he called out. "Who is there?" Hesitantly, the figure came forward. Paquita gasped when she saw who it was, and clutched at Tonio for protection

you," the girl said. "One must be rough with children."

After several more exchanges of youthful wit, Tonio took himself off home to help his mother string the beans and bake the *tortas*. But his heart was not in his work. After dinner he went again and stood in front of Paquita's house; and again Paquita was there at the window with her head hanging out.

"Tonio," she laughed, "have you finished washing the dinner dishes?"

"Come down," Tonio said, breathing hard. "Come down and ask me that question here."

There was a peal of laughter from Paquita, and at the same moment her father, Señor Vella, opened the door to see what the noise was about. He was a very large old man, and Tonio had always been nervous in his presence.

"What do you want here, Tonio?" Señor Vella asked.

"I wish," Tonio said, "I wish, Señor, to sit and court each evening with your daughter Paquita."

"Oh ho!" cried the old man. "Do you hear that, daughter? You have a suitor. What do you say to him?"

"Why, I think he is a silly little boy," Paquita said. "But if he wishes to come and sit here every evening, I shall not stop him."

So it was that Paquita, even though her assent was coupled with an insult, agreed to let Tonio come over every evening and sit with her. And in the long summer evenings, seeking the cool breezes that blew off the sea when the sun had set, Tonio and Paquita would place two chairs in front of the house and sit there a little apart from the others.

The next stumbling block was provided by the electricity supply. In Puerto, the electricity came on for one hour at midday and for twelve hours after six o'clock in the evening. It was still a recent enough innovation to be viewed with suspicion by most of the residents. Paquita's family had formerly sat outside in the evenings using only the light from the moon and stars, but because of Tonio's presence they were now forced, in deference to the proprieties, to turn on the light over the front door.

A month after the beginning of Tonio's courtship, Paquita's father had an ultimatum to present.

"Tonio," he said, and there was feeling in his voice, for he had paid the electricity bill that morning, "if you want to continue sitting with Paquita every evening, you must pay for the electricity you use."

There was nothing that Tonio could say to this. He had no money to pay for anything, for his mother had never given him any. He walked home moodily that night.

And there was more trouble waiting for him

Continued on page 30

In Quebec Province, boys cross a river on an improvised raft. These expedition photographs are taken from a ciné-film record of the trip

The explorers keep in touch with civilization by wireless. Doctors accompany each expedition

After a night in a sortie. "We never

The schoolboy pioneers learn adventure

by JOHN HARMAN

In remote and hazardous corners of the earth, Major Spooner leads young explorers through the toughest ordeals. His rugged lessons turn boys into men—and there's no shortage of volunteers

A COLD AUTUMN wind was blowing and heavy rain had started to fall when fourteen schoolboys found that their way through a remote forest in Quebec Province, Canada, was barred by a fast-running river. The boys, aged between sixteen and eighteen, were members of an expedition sent to Quebec by the British Schools Exploring Society. Led by Major George Spooner, a tough, wiry six-footer, and with a Royal Marines captain as second-in-command, they were on a ten-day march through uninhabited country.

Since leaving the expedition's base camp four and a half days before, they had climbed hills, passed over a bog which heaved and quivered at every step, and cut a path through the forest. Each of them carried sixty pounds of tentage, bedding, food and equipment.

If they were to maintain their rate of progress, the river had to be crossed by nightfall. But it was too deep to be waded; too wide, at forty yards, to be bridged by felling a tree across it, and too fast-flowing to be crossed on an improvised raft.

Spooner decided on a plan of action. He stripped off his clothes and jumped into the icy water. Swimming with powerful strokes, he took one end of a fishing line to the far bank. Then he hauled across a thick rope and fastened it round a tree so that it touched the surface of the water.

Next, a boy volunteer, grasping the rope for safety, made a successful crossing towing a second rope. This was threaded through a pulley and strung high above the water for use as an aerial ropeway. Spooner's clothes, and the boy's, were sent over in a rucksack tied to the pulley. The camping gear followed in instalments, and finally the rest of the party sent over their clothes and swam after them.

Enthusiasm Overcame Terror

"The entire operation took four hours. The swim was bitterly cold and rather terrifying," says Martin Whiteley, an Etonian. "Spooner, however, organized it with such enthusiasm that we enjoyed it."

Five days later, at the end of an arduous march over rocky terrain littered with hidden pot-holes and dead, slippery tree trunks, the party finished its sortie on time and joined the forty-six other members of the expedition at the base camp.

Since that river crossing seven years ago, Major Spooner, a thirty-eight year old ex-paratrooper, has taken seventy-four boys to Arctic Norway where wolves howled in the forests and there were ten degrees of frost at night. This year, he is due to fly from Britain on July 27 with fifty-six boys, six assistant leaders and two doctors for six weeks' exploration in a wild part of Newfoundland.

"He is the ideal type of leader; strong, determined and self-effacing," says Doctor John Hawksley, the senior medical officer on the Norwegian trip.

The Schools Exploring Society designs its sorties as unique tests of physical endurance. In addition to taking scientific note of the few remaining trackless corners of the globe, the society aims at teaching boys to fend for themselves in rough conditions. Luxuries are forbidden and no porters or guides are employed.

"We keep on the move and never camp in the same place twice," says Spooner.

Often, on exhausting marches over mountains, glaciers, lava deserts and other natural hazards, rain and snowstorms have prevented the lighting of fires for preparing hot meals. Leaders and boys have slept in wet clothes on damp bedding. Wild animals, including black bear, grizzly bear and lynx, have been encountered. Once, an aggressive bull moose chased a boy into a stream and refused to leave until both barrels of a shotgun were fired in his direction.

The expeditions are divided into separate groups which specialize in geology, meteorology and the study of local fauna, birds, insects and

Quebec forest, a party of schoolboys sets out on a camp in the same place twice," says Major Spooner

Major Spooner with his wife and one of their two children. He gets special leave from the Royal Fusiliers to lead the schoolboy expeditions; this month he is taking fifty-six boys to Canada

flowers. One of the groups, or "fires" as they are called, operates portable wireless gear and keeps in touch with a sub-base on the nearest fringe of civilization; another does survey work with theodolites, compasses and plane tables.

The basic food ration is an explorers' diet devised by Surgeon Commander Murray Levick, R.N., the founder and president of the society, who was on Scott's last expedition to the Antarctic. It consists of pemmican (dried powdered beef with fat added), hard biscuits, dehydrated vegetables, raisins, cheese, margarine, sugar, chocolate, oatmeal, tea, salt and vitamin tablets, and is calculated to provide 3,638 calories—sufficient for a day's march in a temperate climate.

Cramp After Salt Shortage

Boys who were inclined to think it unnecessary to balance their diet to such a fine degree changed their minds when half their salt ration was accidentally left behind at a base camp. "After three days of perspiring in warm weather we suffered from cramp," says Spooner. "My hand suddenly knotted in pain when I took my pipe out of my mouth."

A daily item on the menu is "hoosh"—a pemmican stew flavoured with curry powder—which Spooner teaches boys to cook over an empty cocoa tin. The tin, with the lid removed and holes punched in its side, stands on its base. Lighted paper, twigs and leaves are fed through the holes, and the tin glows like a brazier.

He has also taught the important arts of tree-felling, and of finding dry wood in rain-soaked forests by peeling off birch bark. But in most other aspects of camping craft he has passed on knowledge merely by setting an example. "If the ground has been wet and I have made myself a mattress of fir branches, the boys have soon caught on and done the same."

The society has a strict rule that members must not explore by themselves. This is not only to safeguard them from getting lost—a boy who broke the rule in a dense forest disappeared for three and a half days—but also to prevent the possibility of a boy spraining an ankle, or getting a similar injury, and perhaps starving alone.

Medical care, when needed, is supplied by two or three doctors who accompany each expedition. "Most of the boys improve in health steadily," says one of them, "but I had a busy time when one group arrived and were clearing a camp site. I put four stitches in the back of a boy who had cut himself with an axe."

Arrangements are always made for boys to be evacuated overland, or by boat or seaplane, should they fall seriously ill. Also, there is full surgical equipment for dealing with any eventuality. On one expedition, a boy's appendix was taken out. His companions stood beside the makeshift operating table and held torches. Ten days later, the patient had recovered and was doing a normal share of work.

The society, founded by Commander Levick in 1932 with the declared object of "forming a coterie of pioneers," has taken a total of 888 boys on sixteen expeditions to remote parts of Finland, Norway, Newfoundland, Northern Quebec, British Columbia and Iceland.

Boys are expected to pay their own expenses, which amount to £197 11s. 7d. a head this year, compared with about £48 before the war. Some have taken part-time jobs as postmen and gardeners to help to raise the money.

Grants from trusts and education authorities, plus gifts from private individuals—the society is registered as a charity, with the Duke of Gloucester as patron-in-chief—have been used to subsidize boys who could not otherwise have afforded to go. Nevertheless, fourteen boys had to be left behind last year through a lack of funds.

At least four hundred boys apply for each expedition. They come from public and secondary schools and cadet services, and have to provide certificates of medical fitness. Applicants are interviewed at the society's headquarters near Westminster Abbey by a selection committee.

When the details of an expedition have been settled and its members chosen, a small advance party goes out and establishes the base camp. This operation, involving moving eight or more tons of stores and equipment, is the culmination of a year's organization by Mrs. Murray Levick, the deputy chairman, who is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Beeton and is herself an explorer of some experience. She shot a bear in Newfoundland at the age of eighteen, and has spent many nights in isolated territory under canvas.

Leaders Are All Servicemen

In view of the responsibilities entailed in taking large numbers of other people's children in search of adventure, the society insists on its leaders being Servicemen who have reached commissioned rank. Spooner, who was born in Malaya, the son of a British rubber planter, and went to Marlborough College, was in the army with the B.E.F. in France, at Dunkirk, the North African landings, Italy, Palestine and the Sudan.

He applied to join a B.S.E.S. expedition on seeing a notice about it at his military club. His first trip was to Newfoundland in 1947, when he acted as second-in-command to Commander Levick.

Married, with two children, and now serving with the Royal Fusiliers, Spooner gets special leave to take part in expeditions and looks forward to them with youthful zest.

Like all the society's officials, he works on a voluntary basis. He considers that his reward, apart from his own delight in an opportunity to explore, is the change which takes place in his charges after a few weeks of tough living in the wilds.

"The difference in their faces and bearing is amazing," he says. "They leave Britain as schoolboys and come back as men." THE END

Quebec forest, a party of schoolboys sets out on a camp in the same place twice," says Major Spooner

Major Spooner with his wife and one of their two children. He gets special leave from the Royal Fusiliers to lead the schoolboy expeditions; this month he is taking fifty-six boys to Canada

flowers. One of the groups, or "fires" as they are called, operates portable wireless gear and keeps in touch with a sub-base on the nearest fringe of civilization; another does survey work with theodolites, compasses and plane tables.

The basic food ration is an explorers' diet devised by Surgeon Commander Murray Levick, R.N., the founder and president of the society, who was on Scott's last expedition to the Antarctic. It consists of pemmican (dried powdered beef with fat added), hard biscuits, dehydrated vegetables, raisins, cheese, margarine, sugar, chocolate, oatmeal, tea, salt and vitamin tablets, and is calculated to provide 3,638 calories—sufficient for a day's march in a temperate climate.

Cramp After Salt Shortage

Boys who were inclined to think it unnecessary to balance their diet to such a fine degree changed their minds when half their salt ration was accidentally left behind at a base camp. "After three days of perspiring in warm weather we suffered from cramp," says Spooner. "My hand suddenly knotted in pain when I took my pipe out of my mouth."

A daily item on the menu is "hoosh"—a pemmican stew flavoured with curry powder—which Spooner teaches boys to cook over an empty cocoa tin. The tin, with the lid removed and holes punched in its side, stands on its base. Lighted paper, twigs and leaves are fed through the holes, and the tin glows like a brazier.

He has also taught the important arts of tree-felling, and of finding dry wood in rain-soaked forests by peeling off birch bark. But in most other aspects of camping craft he has passed on knowledge merely by setting an example. "If the ground has been wet and I have made myself a mattress of fir branches, the boys have soon caught on and done the same."

The society has a strict rule that members must not explore by themselves. This is not only to safeguard them from getting lost—a boy who broke the rule in a dense forest disappeared for three and a half days—but also to prevent the possibility of a boy spraining an ankle, or getting a similar injury, and perhaps starving alone.

Medical care, when needed, is supplied by two or three doctors who accompany each expedition. "Most of the boys improve in health steadily," says one of them, "but I had a busy time when one group arrived and were clearing a camp site. I put four stitches in the back of a boy who had cut himself with an axe."

Arrangements are always made for boys to be evacuated overland, or by boat or seaplane, should they fall seriously ill. Also, there is full surgical equipment for dealing with any eventuality. On one expedition, a boy's appendix was taken out. His companions stood beside the makeshift operating table and held torches. Ten days later, the patient had recovered and was doing a normal share of work.

The society, founded by Commander Levick in 1932 with the declared object of "forming a coterie of pioneers," has taken a total of 888 boys on sixteen expeditions to remote parts of Finland, Norway, Newfoundland, Northern Quebec, British Columbia and Iceland.

Boys are expected to pay their own expenses, which amount to £197 11s. 7d. a head this year, compared with about £48 before the war. Some have taken part-time jobs as postmen and gardeners to help to raise the money.

Grants from trusts and education authorities, plus gifts from private individuals—the society is registered as a charity, with the Duke of Gloucester as patron-in-chief—have been used to subsidize boys who could not otherwise have afforded to go. Nevertheless, fourteen boys had to be left behind last year through a lack of funds.

At least four hundred boys apply for each expedition. They come from public and secondary schools and cadet services, and have to provide certificates of medical fitness. Applicants are interviewed at the society's headquarters near Westminster Abbey by a selection committee.

When the details of an expedition have been settled and its members chosen, a small advance party goes out and establishes the base camp. This operation, involving moving eight or more tons of stores and equipment, is the culmination of a year's organization by Mrs. Murray Levick, the deputy chairman, who is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Beeton and is herself an explorer of some experience. She shot a bear in Newfoundland at the age of eighteen, and has spent many nights in isolated territory under canvas.

Leaders Are All Servicemen

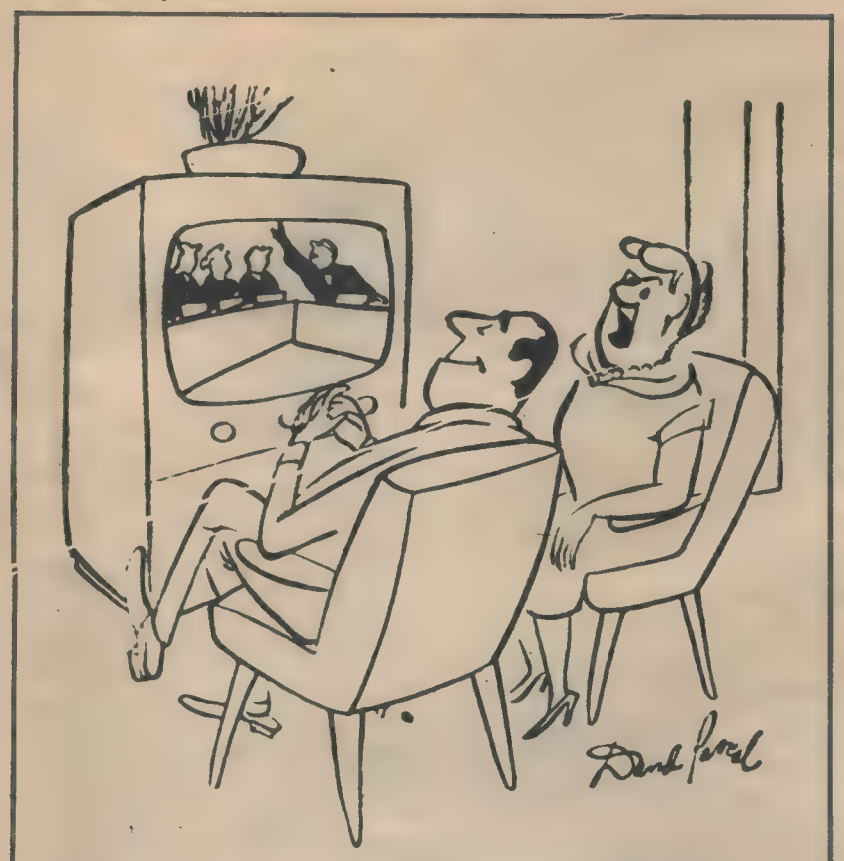
In view of the responsibilities entailed in taking large numbers of other people's children in search of adventure, the society insists on its leaders being Servicemen who have reached commissioned rank. Spooner, who was born in Malaya, the son of a British rubber planter, and went to Marlborough College, was in the army with the B.E.F. in France, at Dunkirk, the North African landings, Italy, Palestine and the Sudan.

He applied to join a B.S.E.S. expedition on seeing a notice about it at his military club. His first trip was to Newfoundland in 1947, when he acted as second-in-command to Commander Levick.

Married, with two children, and now serving with the Royal Fusiliers, Spooner gets special leave to take part in expeditions and looks forward to them with youthful zest.

Like all the society's officials, he works on a voluntary basis. He considers that his reward, apart from his own delight in an opportunity to explore, is the change which takes place in his charges after a few weeks of tough living in the wilds.

"The difference in their faces and bearing is amazing," he says. "They leave Britain as schoolboys and come back as men." THE END



"Look, how about giving the panel a chance to answer?"

angrily, and went off to Mrs. Gurney's store to buy his aspirins.

"Aspirins?" said that suspicious virago. "No!"

"There are some on the shelf," said Peter impatiently. "Behind you."

"Well, let 'em stay there, then," said Mrs. Gurney. "Oh, I know! I dare say you've got eleven bottles somewhere else and want to make it a round dozen. Well, I'm not going to have it said I was the one that sold it to you. Not likely."

"But——"

"Why don't you try the railway," said Mrs. Gurney, "like you done before, instead of expecting me to break commandments? Be off with you."

PETER went hurriedly out of the shop. He went out hurriedly because he wasn't sure what might happen if he stayed. He had read in sensational fiction of red hazes before the eyes; he had never seen one before. Perhaps it fogged his vision a little as he marched out into and across the street——

Fortunately, Clem Barlow, who was trundling at a fair pace towards Dice Farm on the great-wheeled blue tractor, hauling a trailer carrying six farm hands, had a better than average reaction time and saved Peter's life by a matter of six inches. But the farm hands were shaken up.

"Gor!" cried Jack Patch. "I'll sue the perisher! Me discs are rattlin' like shove-'apennies!"

"I'll do better than that," said Wild Will Shine. "'E's been asking for it right enough, and now 'e's going to get it!"

And the burly-chested Goliath of six parishes leaped lightly out of the trailer, pug-nosed and flame-eyed, and bore down upon Peter. The hounds had the fox at last; this, everyone realized, was the kill.

Now in any other circumstances Wild Will Shine could have battered Peter Orpy into insensibility with one hand tied behind his back. But at this particular moment, with the red haze still flickering before his eyes, Peter was in that exalted condition when he had the strength of ten. When he actually saw someone advancing upon him with the evident intention of inviting combat, Peter felt a wild joy. The aggressor typified all his village persecutors; now at last he could hit back!

He fell upon Wild Will Shine with an animal cry.

It will always be spoken of with awe in Steeple Barley; not with least awe by Wild Will himself, who could never quite understand it. The rapidity of Peter's punching was something which had only been approached before in animated cartoons, or so it seemed to the spectators.

Quite unbelievably he knocked Wild Will off his feet almost at once and then yanked the fourteen-stone hulk back into an upright position as if it had been a truss of hay in order to knock it down a second time. He chased Wild Will over the green and through the pond, went at it toe to toe for three solid minutes outside the lych gate, and finally left him, insensible as a sack of flour, lying against a tombstone and looking as if he might well be beneath it.

Wild Will's companions clustered round Peter.

"Well, he started it," said Peter, defensively.

"I never said 'e didn't," said Clem Barlow. "You nip off before old Charley Broadwinter comes back."

So Peter walked across the green and got into his car, hindered by none.

He now noticed that he was breathing like a railway engine, drenched in perspiration and had torn his shirt; his knuckles were split open and something warm kept dripping into his left eye. He drove home slowly, gave his wounds a perfunctory lick and threw sausages and kidneys into a frying pan, having suddenly developed an enormous appetite.

BEFORE the cooking was done, he heard a car outside and shortly afterwards a knock at his door. He supposed it was Broadwinter with police reinforcements from Carbury; he didn't much care, so long as they would let him eat before they took him away.

"Come in!" he shouted from the kitchen.

"Are you all right?" asked Sheila Warwick.

"Good Lord!" said Peter, "It's you!—Yes, thanks," he said, "I'm all right. Of course I am."

She stood in the doorway in her tennis shorts. "You don't look it," she said. "That eye——"

"Very kind of you to inquire," said Peter. "But aren't you taking a risk, coming here? I mean, I might throw you under the boat train again or something."

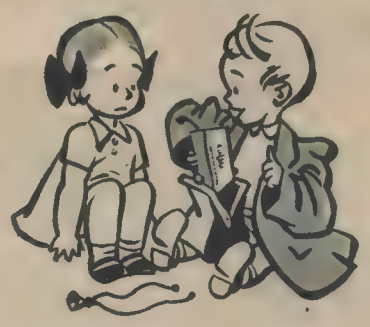
"One of the reasons I came," she told him, "was to tell you that I realize now I was wrong. About that

"Mummy . . .

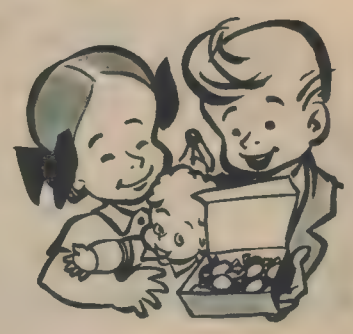
says . . .

everything's . . .

better . . .



after a . . .



SILMOS LOLLIE!"

Everyone loves—

They're **Batger's** *—sweets ahead of the rest!*

Ask for *BritviC* by name . . .

your guarantee of full enjoyment

BritviC stands supreme among fruit juices . . . without question the world's finest for purity and sheer goodness. It is made by BritviC's own methods, only from fruits selected specially for their particular juiciness and flavour.

BritviC

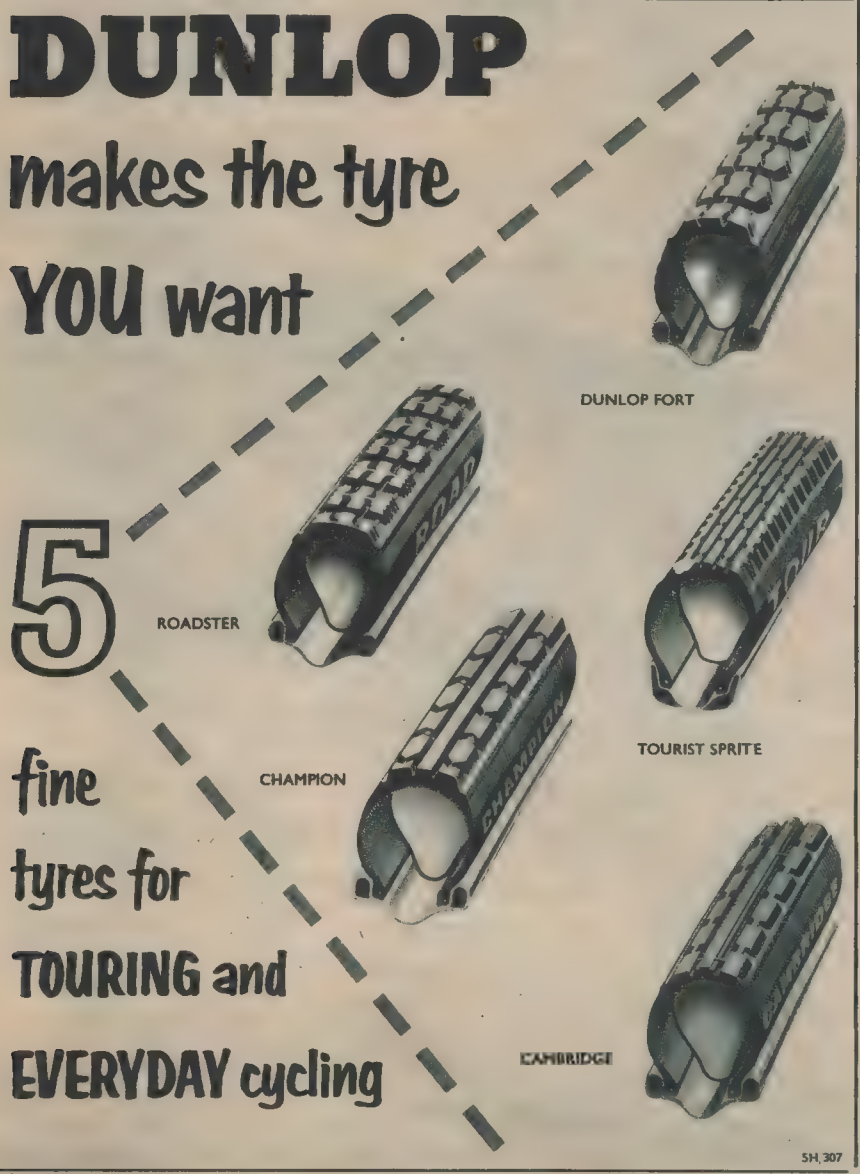
PURE FRUIT JUICES

they're juicedly good

BRITVIC LIMITED — CHELMSFORD — ESSEX — ENGLAND

DUNLOP

makes the tyre YOU want



5 fine tyres for TOURING and EVERYDAY cycling

SH.307

"He was left-handed"

misunderstanding on the railway. That's all it was, a misunderstanding. I'm sure of that now. I wanted to say I was sorry."

"That's terribly generous of you. Thank you."

"I saw your—your performance just now. My father's had a look at Will Shine and I gather he'll live. But you need a bit of patching up, too."

Peter was puzzled "I don't believe it," he said. "It couldn't be that the old cave man stuff, a bit of masculine rough-housery did the trick. Not with an intelligent person like you. That wouldn't make you change your mind."

"It would," she said, with a small smile. "Call it applied psychology, though. I did realize we'd all been wrong about you when I saw you fight. People who are tired of life don't fight—that's their trouble. You made it pretty plain that you weren't a suicide case. You did look a little like a homicidal maniac but I'll take a chance on that. Let me look at that eye."

"I must turn down my mixed fry-up first," he said. "Excuse me."

She glanced round the little living-room as he went into the kitchen.

"I like your curtains. Some Pyros as well. They look like originals."

"They are originals," said Peter from the kitchen.

"I love the way he brings out a person's whole character with a couple of squiggles."

"Clever, isn't it?"

"I dote on him," she said.

"I'm so glad," said Peter and introduced himself. She refused at first to believe he was serious until he had produced some letters as evidence, perhaps because she had always imagined Pyro as a gnome-like little man in a beret. By that time the sausages were cinders.

"I was so hungry, too," said Peter.

"Never mind," said Sheila unexpectedly. "Let's go and have dinner at the Falcon."

"Lovely idea," he said. "But they won't serve me."

"They will," she told him. "They certainly won't refuse me and I'm pretty sure they won't dare to refuse you after this afternoon. After all, I owe it to you, if you see what I mean. You were right when you said I was the only person who could give you back your good name. We'll have to be seen about together, that's the solution. It'll be fun to see old Tod apologize. Why not?"

"I'd love it, if you really think——"

"Let me look at that eye first of all," said Sheila. "Whenever I meet you, you seem to be bleeding all over the place. After that we can organize things——"

It was rather fun at the Falcon, particularly the bewilderment of Tod and several others when they walked in together on the very best of terms. Tod made his expected apology, quite abjectly, even before the soup was served.

But Peter did not appear to be satisfied. "Not quite sincere," he told Sheila. "It won't be so easy as you think, you know. I'm afraid you won't re-establish me in Steeple Barley just by having dinner with me now and again."

"But what else can I do?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "I'll have to give it thought."

His researches bore fruit about six months later, when with Sheila on his arm he strode through the church gate in a shower of confetti. Will Shine cheered louder than any; with his type a deep personal friendship often begins with a punch on the nose. And 814 Broadwinter couldn't have given the Chief Constable's car a more gracious salute. He took no notice whatever when Tod Oakes decided to extend licensing hours by some sixty-five minutes, except that he had a couple of pints of old and mild in the snuggery to drink to the health of the happy pair.

As for Peter and Sheila, they had slipped out of the festive gathering at the doctor's house for a breath of fresh air. They were sitting on the gates at the level-crossing, watching the trains go by. THE END

Someone's Mum doesn't know about this LOOK test!

1st LOOK Look for whiteness! Wash your whites in Persil and see how much *whiter* they are! A *clean*, true WHITE white! Persil white!

2nd LOOK See how Persil copes with stains—it even shifts blackcurrant juice. And that's one of THE TOUGHEST WHITENESS TESTS OF ALL!

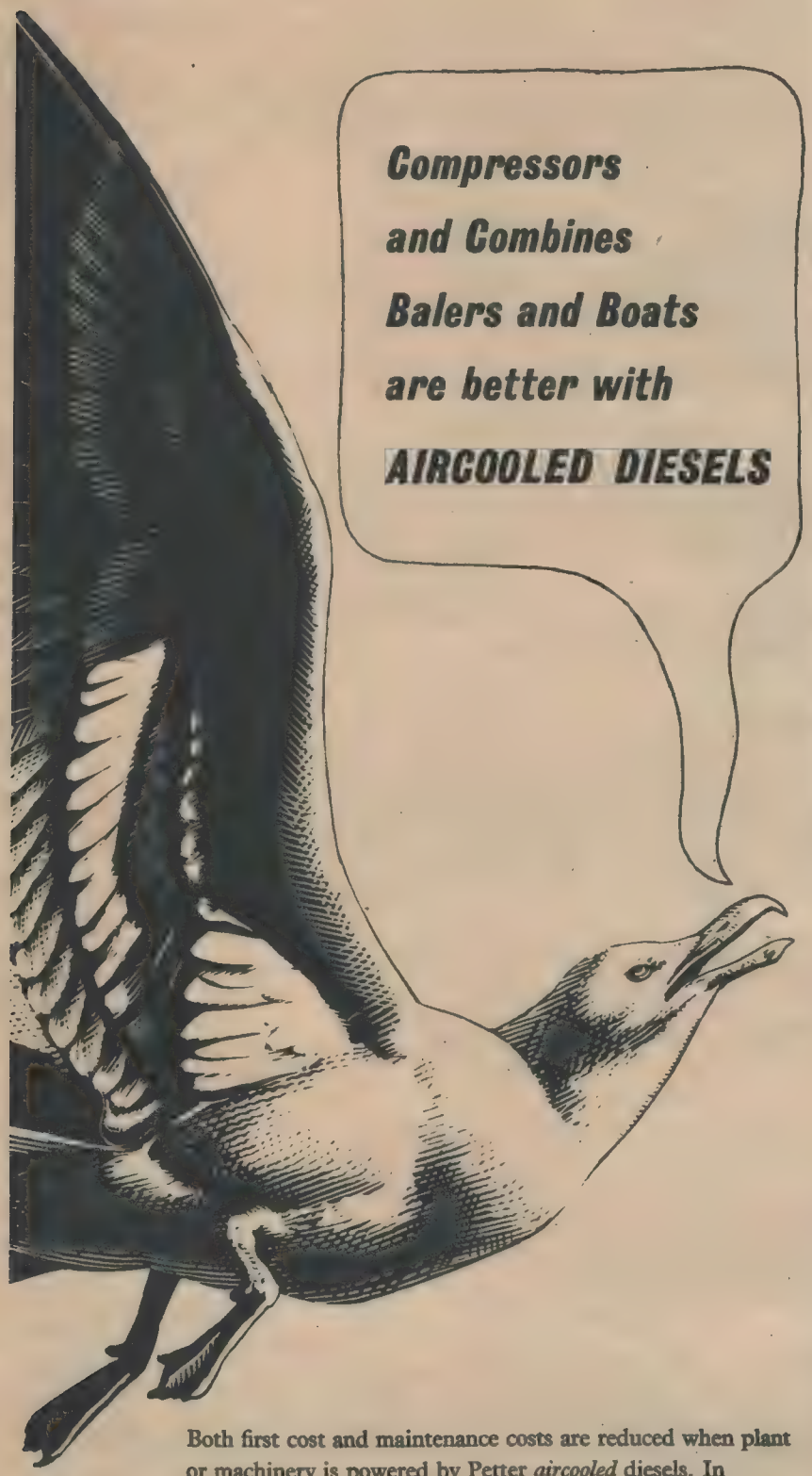
3rd LOOK See how bright Persil washes your coloureds; how it keeps woollens soft, fine things fresh and clean.

4th LOOK Your hands! Persil is so much *kinder* to hands and nails—you can *feel* it is.

PERSIL washes whiter!

—and that means ***cleaner!***

·PER 1328-1781-100



Both first cost and maintenance costs are reduced when plant or machinery is powered by Petter *aircooled* diesels. In almost every sphere–farming equipment, contractors' and quarrying plant and marine work–these *aircooled* engines have proved successful for the job and money savers as well. No radiators to get damaged, no boiling or freezing or loss of coolant, no blocking or failure of circulating systems, no trouble from temperature extremes. And they are backed by the servicing facilities of the Petter organisation, outstandingly good wherever the user may be. *Aircooled engines from 1½ to 12 h.p. are already available from Petters. And before very long Petter-McLaren will offer larger aircooled engines.*

PETTERS · STAINES

PETTER

PETTER-McLAREN · LEEDS

AIRCOOLED DIESELS

PETTERS LTD · CAUSEWAY WORKS · STAINES · MIDDLESEX · TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122
J. & H. McLAREN LTD · AIREDALE WORKS · LEEDS 10 · TELEPHONE: LEEDS 20965
TBW/7783

A LIGHT FOR LOVERS

Continued from page 23

there. Whether through the gossip of neighbours or through the working of womanly intuition, Señora Mira had discovered that her son was spending his evenings with Paquita.

"You scoundrel!" she shouted, boxing Tonio's ears until he saw sparkling lights and heard bells ringing. "If I ever again hear that you have gone to this Paquita's house, I shall box your ears for an hour solidly. A boy of eighteen has no business paying court to a girl."

With which Señora Mira went about her business, thinking that she had effectively changed any ideas her son might have had of going against her wishes. In her anger she had forgotten that she and Tonio's father had become engaged when they were little more than Tonio's age.

For a while after that, it appeared that the combination of Señor Vella's demand for payment and his mother's threats had subdued Tonio. Saying little, however much he might be thinking, he went about his usual household tasks, waiting at the tables, washing the dishes, and carrying the heavy luggage of the foreigners. But this state of affairs could not last long. Inevitably, the eruption came; and the night when Tonio finally declared his freedom was to go down in the annals of Puerto as an extraordinary one.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Tonio appeared in the *bodega*, looking flushed and defiant.

"Anyone here who wishes to drink cognac with Antonio Mira may do so at my expense," Tonio said in a loud voice. And he pulled out of his pocket a thousand-peseta note.

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the men there, who had been sipping cheap wine all the evening, quickly crowded round him. They drank his health with enthusiasm, and Tonio drank with them.

But the merrymaking did not last long. A few minutes later, there was an uneasy stir as everyone's attention was drawn towards the door. Tonio glanced round, and saw his mother. She was awesome in her anger, and the men of Puerto, even those who were used to braving the elements in their fishing boats, backed away.

"Tonio," his mother said, "I will not box your ears until we have reached home; but rest assured, once we are there you will receive what you deserve."

She advanced on him to drag him off with her. But Tonio, with the cognac inside him and the eyes of all the men on him, was not afraid of her.

"Woman," he said, and his voice, although it cracked a bit, was as deep and impressive as he could make it, "how dare you disturb men at their drinking? I will come home when I am ready."

Señora Mira gasped. And then a strange thing happened. After staring at her son as though she had never seen him before, she turned without a word and walked out of the *bodega* into the night.

Tonio drew a deep breath and turned to the assembled men. "Now that is taken care of, it is time for another round of drinks," he said. And there was such a shout that the ancient walls of the *bodega* shook.

An hour later Tonio bade his companions good night and, walking up to the *merceria*, purchased an enormous candle. It was the largest size made, only purchased by the people of Puerto to place near a corpse when it is laid out in its coffin. Because there had been no deaths for some time, this candle had been gathering dust in the window for many months. And when Tonio walked in and demanded it, the little girl in charge of the shop was so frightened by his request that she called for her mother to serve him.

After he had paid for the candle with a hundred-peseta note, Tonio walked to the house of Señor Vella.

"Paquita, come out!" he called in a loud voice. "It is I, Antonio Mira."

But Paquita was already hanging out of the upstairs window, and she did not say a word. It was Señor Vella who came to the door, and his face was angry. "Quiet!" he roared. "Will you alarm the whole street? I've told you to be off unless you pay for the electricity."

"I wish your daughter to come and court with me, as she has agreed and as you have given permission," Tonio said. "If she is not out here in one minute, I shall break the door down and come in and get her."

Señor Vella looked at the boy for a moment, and it was a moment in which the old man saw and realized many things. Suddenly he smiled.

"Paquita, you will come down at once," he called. And then, bidding Tonio good night in a voice in which there was a new tone of respect, he turned and entered the house.

A shy and somewhat subdued Paquita came down to join Tonio. Without a word, he took her by the hand and led her through the narrow, winding streets towards the mole. It was a dark night. The streets were deserted, and they had only the lights that gleamed from the open doors of the houses to show them their way. Tonio did not explain where they were going, and Paquita dared not ask.

When they reached the mole, Tonio led Paquita down the steps to the beach. They went hand in hand to a grassy dune that lay a little way away. There, while Paquita watched wonderingly, Tonio lit the great candle that he carried and placed it on the ground.

"Now we do not need your father's electricity," Tonio said softly.

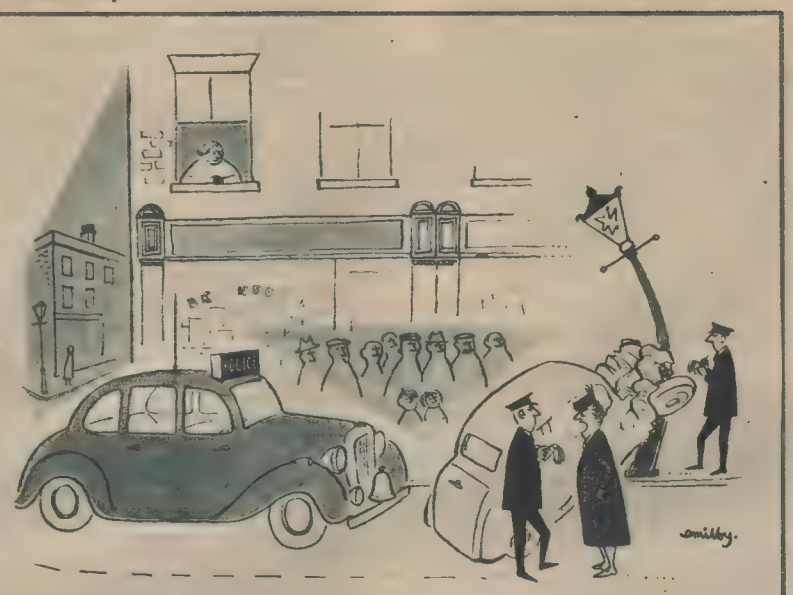
"No," Paquita said in a very small voice.

They sat down side by side in the circle of radiance cast by the great candle upon the velvety darkness of the night. The novelty of the situation kept them silent for a while, but then they forgot everything except themselves and began to talk quietly.

It was Tonio who became aware of a movement in the darkness beyond the candle's range. He called out: "Who is it? Who is there?"

The figure came forward hesitantly

"If you weren't keen, you should have said so in the first place!"



"Well, what on earth do you expect, creeping up behind me like that, and suddenly ringing that darned great bell?"

into the light. And Paquita, sharper-eyed than he, saw who it was and gasped and turned to Tonio for protection.

It was Señora Mira.

For Señora Mira it had been a night of profound disturbance. First, Tonio had behaved so strangely towards her. And then, when she reached home, an even stranger thing had happened.

She had intended to go to bed to compose herself and plan how she could regain her mastery over her son. Entering her bedroom, she had gazed up in mute appeal at the picture of the Virgin that hung over her bed. And suddenly she'd noticed that the picture was hanging a little askew.

With a cry of alarm she'd hastened to see if the stocking with her precious savings in it was still in its hiding-place. It was, and it seemed as fat as ever. But she knew that someone must have been to it, for it was not as neatly tied up as she had left it.

Her thoughts had flown at once to Tonio drinking in the *bodega*, and she had been filled with fury. If Tonio had indeed dared to steal from the stocking, she would box his ears as never before.

It was then that she had caught sight of the fan lying on the bed. How had it come to be there? Forgetting her rage, she had picked it up, opening it wonderingly to all its splendour of ivory and gold. And out of it, as she opened it, there had come a great flood of memories.

Señora Mira had forgotten the very existence of the fan, for it belonged to the days of her great happiness, when life had seemed filled with joy and expectation. Her husband had given it to her during their courtship. She had forgotten how, so many years ago now, she had pasted the fan to the back of the picture of the Virgin, in gratitude for the joy that had been hers in those days, and in anticipation of the joys that she hoped lay ahead.

She stood for a long while gazing at the fan, wondering how it could have found its way on to her bed. She did not realize that hasty young hands, seeking the stocking in its hiding place, had dislodged the fan. She took its mysterious appearance as a sign sent to remind her of the happiness she once had known, and of how much she had changed since then, how hard and bitter she had become.

At last, deeply moved, she had left the house, seeking to calm herself by walking in the streets. . . .

Señora Mira halted a yard or two away. "Tonio?" she asked uncertainly.

"I am here," Tonio said, rising slowly to his feet.

There was a silence. Then Señora Mira said: "Tonio . . . you were spending money in the *bodega* tonight?"

"Yes," Tonio said.

"Where did you get it?"

"I took it from the stocking," Tonio said. His own voice was not quite steady as he waited for the storm to burst.

It did not come. "You mean you stole it from me, my son?" Señora Mira asked, quite mildly.

"I did not consider it stealing," Tonio said. "A man must have a little money in his pocket. You never gave me any, because you wished to keep me still a child, and so I had to take it. I took only a little of all the money that I might have earned had I not been an unpaid servant in your house."

"Did you see the fan on the bed?" Señora Mira asked. She seemed scarcely to have been listening.

But Tonio was not interested in fans. He recognized this as a crisis in his life, a much too serious time to be wasted in irrelevancies.

"I know nothing about that," he said. "I only know there must be a change. I am not a child any more, and you must accept it. I am a man. If I work, I must be paid for my work, because I have the future to think of. And I must be free to live my own life. I am too old now to be told by you what to do."

Once again, half fearfully, Tonio waited for the storm to break, but still nothing happened. Señora Mira, as she stood facing her suddenly grown-up son, seemed to be unable to find anything to say. . . .

The silence this time was a long one. Then Tonio reached down his hand and helped Paquita to her feet. He said in a firm voice: "Mother, I wish to present my fiancée to you."

Señora Mira's head was still buzzing with the confusion of her thoughts, but she knew what she had to do. As a Spanish mother she realized the almost sacred nature of the occasion, and she drew herself up and spoke with dignity.

"It is a great honour and privilege to meet you, señorita," she told Paquita, "and to assure you that my home is your home." She paused and then added, continuing the ritual: "You must come soon to call upon me."

Paquita was almost speechless with astonishment, but she too rose to the occasion. She said demurely: "Thank you, Señora Mira. I am honoured by your invitation."

Señora Mira gazed a moment longer and then she said, rather wistfully, "Good night to you both." And she turned away and left them.

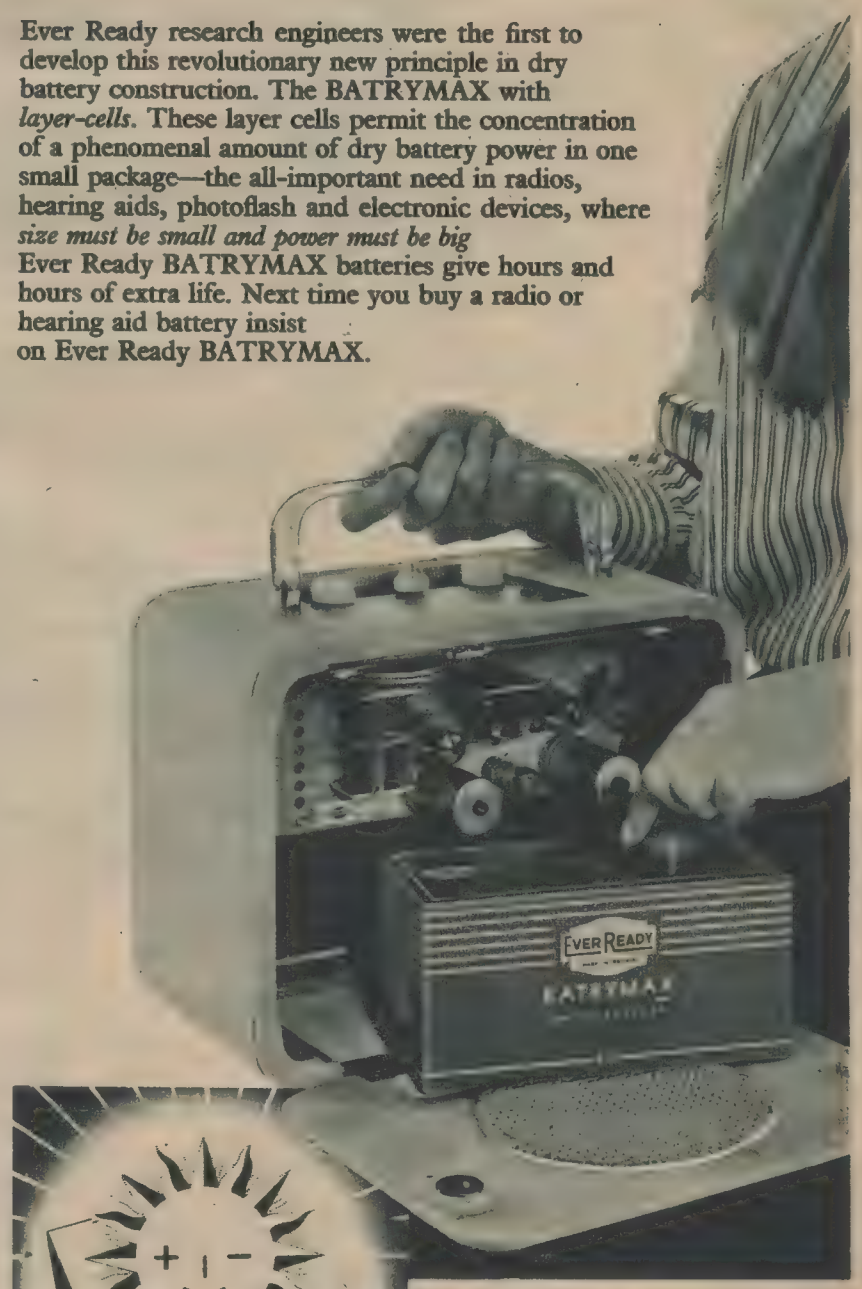
Tonio and Paquita looked at each other for a long time, and then they sat down again on the grass.

In the *bodega* the men still sat and laughed and drank together. In the *pensión* Juana Mira, Señora Mira sat alone in her kitchen, and gazed at the fan and thought of many things. And on the seashore the waves beat quietly as the light of a candle illuminated an old, old scene.

THE END

Because EVER READY have developed BATRYMAX* dry batteries . . . the modern Portable Radio is smaller, lighter and costs less to run than ever before . .

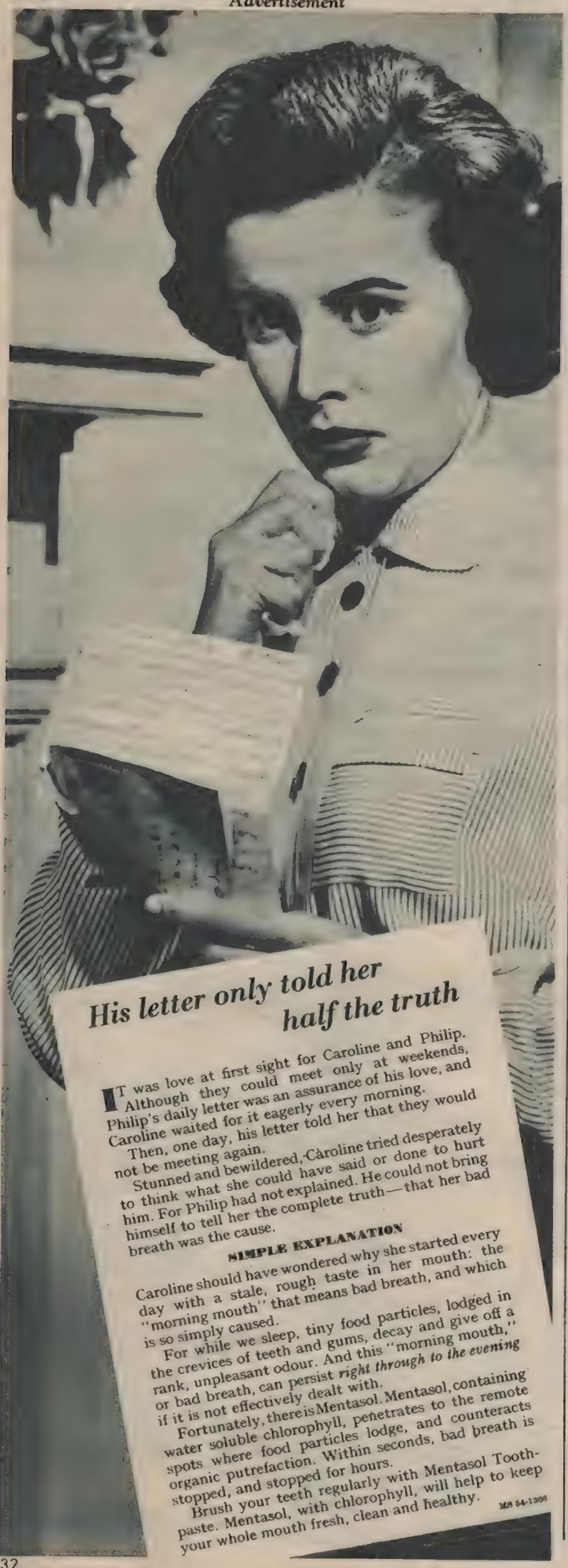
Ever Ready research engineers were the first to develop this revolutionary new principle in dry battery construction. The BATRYMAX with *layer-cells*. These layer cells permit the concentration of a phenomenal amount of dry battery power in one small package—the all-important need in radios, hearing aids, photoflash and electronic devices, where *size must be small and power must be big* Ever Ready BATRYMAX batteries give hours and hours of extra life. Next time you buy a radio or hearing aid battery insist on Ever Ready BATRYMAX.



for life!

* 'BATRYMAX' is the registered trade mark of The Ever Ready Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.

Advertisement



His letter only told her half the truth

IT was love at first sight for Caroline and Philip. Although they could meet only at weekends, Philip's daily letter was an assurance of his love, and Caroline waited for it eagerly every morning.

Then, one day, his letter told her that they would not be meeting again.

Stunned and bewildered, Caroline tried desperately to think what she could have said or done to hurt him. For Philip had not explained. He could not bring himself to tell her the complete truth—that her bad breath was the cause.

SIMPLE EXPLANATION

Caroline should have wondered why she started every day with a stale, rough taste in her mouth: the "morning mouth" that means bad breath, and which is so simply caused.

For while we sleep, tiny food particles, lodged in the crevices of teeth and gums, decay and give off a rank, unpleasant odour. And this "morning mouth," or bad breath, can persist *right through to the evening* if it is not effectively dealt with.

Fortunately, there is Mentasol. Mentasol, containing water soluble chlorophyll, penetrates to the remote spots where food particles lodge, and counteracts organic putrefaction. Within seconds, bad breath is stopped, and stopped for hours.

Brush your teeth regularly with Mentasol Tooth-paste. Mentasol, with chlorophyll, will help to keep your whole mouth fresh, clean and healthy.

MB 54-1306

NICKORY DICKORY DOCK

Continued from page 19

a man, to some particular man; but speaking for myself, I plump for a woman."

"Why?"

"Just this. Somebody went into Patricia's room with her—someone with whom she felt quite at home. That points to another girl. The men don't go to the girls' bedroom floors without permission. That's right, isn't it, Mrs. Hubbard?"

"Yes. It's not exactly a hard-and-fast rule, but it's fairly generally observed."

"The other side of the house is cut off from this side, except on the ground floor. Taking it that the conversation earlier between Nigel and Pat was overheard, it would in all probability be a woman who overheard it."

"Yes. I see what you mean," Mrs. Hubbard said. "And some of the girls seem to spend half their time listening at keyholes." She flushed, and added apologetically: "That's rather too harsh. Actually, although these houses are solidly built, they've been cut up and partitioned and all the new work is flimsy. You can't help hearing through it.

"Jean, I must admit, does do a good deal of snooping. She's the type. And, of course, when Genevieve, the French girl, heard Nigel telling Pat that his father had murdered his mother, she stopped and listened for all she was worth."

SHARPE nodded. He had listened to the evidence of Sally Finch and Jean Tomlinson and Genevieve. He said: "Who occupies the rooms on either side of Patricia's?"

"Genevieve's is beyond it—but that's a good original wall. Elizabeth Johnston's is on the other side, nearer the stairs. That's only a partition wall."

"That narrows it down a bit," Sharpe said. "Now, the French girl heard the *end* of the conversation, and Sally Finch was present earlier on, *before* she went out to post her letter. But the fact that those two girls *were* there automatically excludes anybody else having been able to snoop, except for a very short period. Always with the exception of Elizabeth Johnston, who could have heard everything through the partition wall if she'd been in her bedroom, but it seems to be fairly clear that she was already in the common room when Sally Finch went out to the post."

"She did not remain in the common room all the time?"

"No, she went upstairs again at some period to fetch a book she had forgotten. As usual, nobody can say *when*."

"It might have been any of them," said Mrs. Hubbard helplessly.

"As far as their statements go, yes—but we've got a little extra evidence." As he spoke, Inspector Sharpe took a small folded paper packet out of his pocket.

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Hubbard.

Sharpe smiled. "A couple of hairs—I took them from between Patricia Lane's fingers."

"You mean that——?"

There was a tap on the door. The inspector called, "Come in," and it opened to admit Mr. Akibombo. He was smiling broadly all over his black face.

Sharpe said impatiently: "Yes, Mr.—er—um, what is it?"

"I think, please, I have statement to make. Of first-class importance to elucidation of sad and tragic occurrence."

Sharpe repressed a sigh. Then he said resignedly: "All right, Mr. Akibombo, what's it all about?"

Mr. Akibombo was provided with a chair. He sat facing the others who were looking at him with keen attention.

"Thank you. I begin now?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, it is, you see, that sometimes I have the disquieting sensations in my stomach. Sick to my stomach—that is what Miss Sally calls it. But I am not, you see, actually *sick*——"

Inspector Sharpe restrained himself with difficulty while these medical details were elaborated. "Yes, yes," he said. "Very sorry, I'm sure. But you want to tell us——"

"It is, perhaps, unaccustomed food. I feel very full *here*." Mr. Akibombo indicated exactly where. "So sometimes I take small pill, soda mint; and sometimes stomach powder. After that," Akibombo smiled seraphically, "I feel much better, much better."

Mrs. Hubbard said authoritatively: "We understand all about *that*. Now get on with it."

"Yes. Certainly. Well, as I say, this happens to me early last week—I do not remember exactly which day. Very good macaroni and I eat a lot, and afterwards feel very bad. I try to do work for my professor but it is difficult to think with this fullness here." Again Akibombo indicated the spot.

"It is after supper in the common room and only Elizabeth there and I say to her, 'Have you bicarbonate or stomach powder? I have finished mine.' And she says, 'No. But I saw some in Pat's drawer when I was putting back a handkerchief I borrowed from her. I will get it for you—Pat will not mind.'

"So she goes upstairs and comes back with bicarbonate bottle. Very little left at bottom of bottle, almost empty. I thank her and go with it to the bathroom, and I put nearly all of it, about a teaspoonful, in water and stir it and drink it."

"A *teaspoonful*? My God!" The inspector gazed at Akibombo fascinated. "You swallowed a teaspoonful of *morphia*?"

"Naturally, *I* think it is bicarbonate."

"Yes, yes. What I can't understand is why you're sitting here now!"

"And then, afterwards, I was ill, really ill. Pain, bad pain in my stomach."

"I can't make out why you're not dead!"

Mr. Akibombo was continuing: "So then, next day, when I am better, I take the bottle and the tiny bit of powder that is left in it to a chemist and I say please tell me, what is this I have taken, that has made me feel so bad? And he says come back later, and when I do, he says: 'No wonder! This is *not* the bicarbonate. It is the boracic. You can put it in the eyes, yes, but if you swallow a teaspoonful it makes you ill.'"

"Boracic?" The inspector stared at him stupefied. "But how did boracic get into that bottle? What happened to the morphia?" He groaned. "Of all the haywire cases!"

"And I have been thinking, please," went on Akibombo.

The inspector groaned again. "You have been thinking," he said. "And what have you been thinking?"

"I have been thinking of Miss Celia and how she died, and that someone, after she was dead, must have come into her room and left there the empty morphia bottle and the little piece of paper that say she killed herself——"

AKIBOMBO paused and the inspector nodded. "And so I say—who could have done that? And I think if it is one of the girls it will be easy, but if a man not so easy, because he would have to go downstairs in our house and up the other stairs and someone might wake up and hear him or see him.

"So I think again, and I say, suppose it is someone in our house, but in the next room to Miss Celia's? Outside his window there is a balcony and outside hers is a balcony, too, and if he is big and strong and athletic he could jump across."

"The room next to Celia's in the other house," said Mrs. Hubbard. "Let me see, that's Nigel's and——"

"Len Bateson's," said the inspector. His finger touched the folded paper in his hand. "Len Bateson."

"He is very nice, yes," said Mr. Akibombo sadly. "And to me most pleasant, but one does not know what

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS object is made of mahogany and lead, bound with a wide brass rim. It stands on short legs and is about two feet long. Is it . . .

(a) A drawing-room sink?
(b) A Georgian wine cooler?
(c) An invalid foot bath?
(d) A jardinière?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 34

goes on below top surface. That is so, is it not? That is modern theory. Mr. Chandra Lal very angry when his boracic for the eyes disappears and later, when I ask, he says he has been told that it was taken by Len Bateson——"

Sharpe said slowly: "The morphia was taken from Nigel's drawer and boracic was substituted for it, and then Patricia Lane came along and substituted bicarbonate for what she thought was morphia but which was really boracic powder. Yes, I see. . . ."

"I have helped you, yes?" Mr. Akibombo asked politely.

"Yes, indeed, we're most grateful to you. Don't repeat any of this."

"No, sir. I will be most careful." Mr. Akibombo bowed politely and left the room.

"Len Bateson," said Mrs. Hubbard in a distressed voice. "Oh, *no*."

Sharpe looked at her. "You don't want it to be Len Bateson?"

"I've got fond of that boy. He's got a temper, I know, but he's always seemed so *nice*."

"That's been said about a lot of criminals," said Sharpe.

Gently he unfolded his little paper packet. Mrs. Hubbard obeyed his gesture and leaned forward to look. On the white paper were two red, short curly hairs. . . .

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Yes," said Sharpe reflectively. "In my experience a murderer usually makes at least *one* mistake. . . ."

Later that day, Inspector Sharpe discussed the case again with Poirot.

"But it is beautiful, my friend," said Poirot with admiration, when the inspector had finished. "So clear—so beautifully clear."

"You sound as if you were talking about soup," grumbled the inspector. "It may be consommé to you—but to me there's a good deal of thick mock turtle about it still."

"Not now. Everything fits in in its appointed place."

"Even these?" And, as he had done to Mrs. Hubbard, Sharpe produced his exhibit of two red hairs.

Poirot's answer was almost in the same words as Sharpe had used. "Ah—yes," he said. "What do you call it on the radio? The one deliberate mistake." The eyes of the two men met. "No one," Poirot added, "is as clever as he thinks he is."

Inspector Sharpe was greatly tempted to say: "Not even Hercule Poirot?" but he restrained himself.

"For the other, my friend, it is all fixed?"

"Yes, the balloon goes up tomorrow."

"You go yourself?"

"No, I'm scheduled to appear at 26 Hickory Road. Sergeant Cobb will be in charge."

"We will wish him good luck."

Gravely, Hercule Poirot raised his glass. It contained crème de menthe. Inspector Sharpe raised his whisky glass.

"Here's hoping," he said. . . .

Next day, Sergeant Cobb visited the beauty parlour that Valerie Hobhouse was connected with and took Detective Constable McCrae with him.

"They do think up things, these places," said Sergeant Cobb. He stared with grudging admiration at the display window of Sabrina Fair. Framed and enclosed in an expensive illustration of the glassmaker's art, a beautiful young woman was displayed recumbent, briefly and exquisitely clad, and happily surrounded with every variety of deliciously packaged cosmetics. She also wore various examples of barbaric costume jewellery.

McCrae gave a snort of deep disapproval. "Disgusting, I call it," he said, and then followed Cobb as he marched boldly into the establishment. In the shell-pink interior of Sabrina Fair the sergeant and his satellite looked as out of place as the traditional bull in a china shop.

An exquisite creature in delicate salmon pink swam up to them, her feet hardly seeming to touch the floor. Sergeant Cobb said: "Good morning, madam," and produced his credentials. The lovely creature withdrew in a flutter. An equally lovely but slightly older creature appeared. She in turn gave way to a superb and resplendent duchess whose blue-grey hair and smooth cheeks set age and wrinkles at nought. Appraising steel-grey eyes met the sergeant's steady gaze.

Sergeant Cobb said stolidly: "If Miss Hobhouse has a private room here or a desk——"

"This is most unusual," said the duchess severely, turning her back on them. "Please come this way."

She led the police officers through a square salon with a centre table where magazines and periodicals were heaped carelessly. All round the walls were curtained recesses where glimpses could be obtained of recumbent women supine under the ministrant hands of pink-robed priestesses.

Cobb and McCrae followed the duchess into a small, businesslike apartment with a big roll-top desk, severe chairs, and no softening of the harsh northern light. "I am Mrs. Lucas, the proprietress of this establishment," she said. "My partner, Miss Hobhouse, is not here today."

"No, madam," said Sergeant Cobb, to whom this was no news.

"This search warrant of yours seems to be most high-handed," said Mrs. Lucas. "This is Miss Hobhouse's private office. I sincerely hope that it will not be necessary for you to—er—upset our clients in any way."

"I don't think you need to worry unduly on that score," said Cobb. "What we're after isn't likely to be in the public rooms."

He waited politely until she unwillingly withdrew. Then he looked round Valerie Hobhouse's office. The walls were panelled in pale grey and there were two good Persian rugs on the floor. His eyes went from the small wall safe to the big desk.

"Won't be in the safe," said Cobb. "Too obvious."

A quarter of an hour later, the safe and the drawers of the desk had yielded up their secrets.

"Looks like it's maybe a mare's nest," said McCrae, who was by nature both gloomy and disapproving.

"We're only beginning," said Cobb.

Having emptied the drawers of their contents and arranged the latter neatly in piles, he now proceeded to take the drawers out and turn them upside down. As he did so, he uttered an exclamation of pleasure. "Here we are, my lad," he said.

Fastened to the underneath of the bottom drawer with adhesive tape were a half-dozen small dark blue books with gilt lettering.

"Passports," said Sergeant Cobb. "Issued by Her Majesty's Secretary of

You never know when

you'll need Elastoplast

. . . always keep a tin handy

9d and 1/6
Fabric or
Waterproof

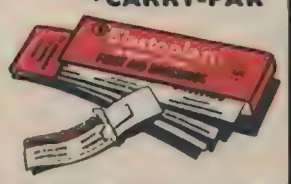
ONLY IN RED TINS

Safe protection for cuts and grazes. Quick, handy, hygienic. Assortments of conveniently sized Fabric Dressings 9d. and 1/6d.

Dressings that protect against suds, dirty water, grease, oil. Skin coloured, almost invisible Waterproof Dressings 9d. and 1/6d.

S&N products

'CARRY-PAK'

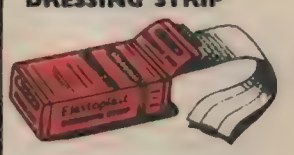


Three separately-wrapped dressings in a finger-size wallet for pocket or handbag. So useful in an emergency! Price: 6d.

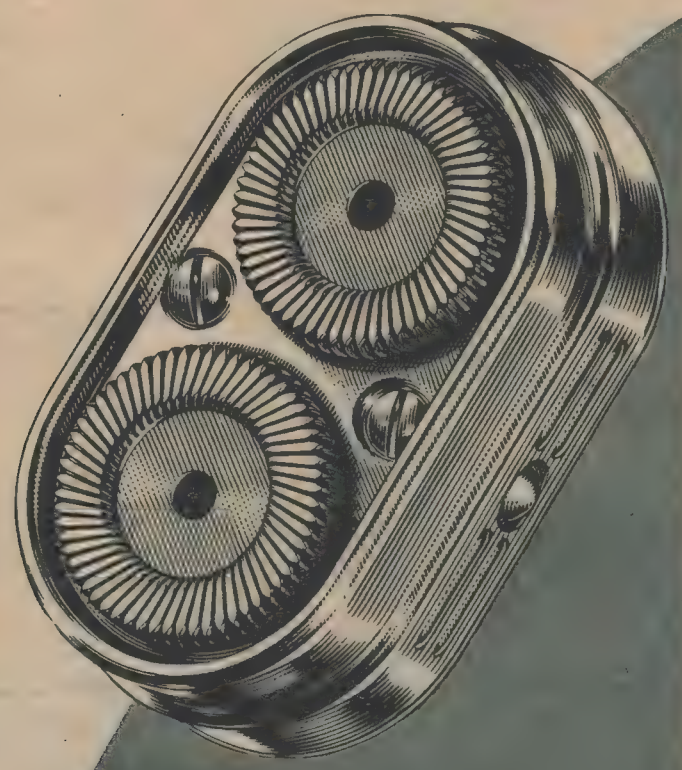
PLASTERS

Elastic adhesive strapping without medicated pad. 1" wide 3 foot long (unstretched). Fabric 1/3d. Waterproof 1/-.

DRESSING STRIP



3 foot strip of Fabric Elastoplast with medicated dressing. Economical: just cut off whatever size you need. 1¼" wide, 2 1d. 2½" wide, 2/10d.



WHY PHILISHAVE *Rotary Action*

GIVES YOU A CLOSER SHAVE

There's a lot more to the 'Philishave's' Rotary Action than you may realise. For instance, while the blades are *rotating*, the skin is very gently stretched by the shaving head's raised rim. Result? The hairs stand upright—so they are shaved at skin-level! What's more, because the action is rotary—not just backwards and forwards—every single bristle is removed, whatever its angle of growth. That really *is* close shaving! 'Philishave' Rotary Action means quick shaving too. *And* it's easy on your skin! **Prove it today—ask your dealer for a demonstration.**

Unbeatable value at

£7.9.3

(tax paid)

Complete with case or pouch. Operated on AC/DC 110-130 v. and 200-250 v.

PHILIPS **PHILISHAVE**

THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

RADIO & TELEVISION RECEIVERS · GRAMOPHONE RECORDS · LAMPS & LIGHTING EQUIPMENT, ETC.

Philips Electrical Ltd · Century House · Shaftesbury Avenue · London · WC2

(PS588D)

Look-No Hands...

This multi-purpose Mole Wrench locks on to work with *tremendous grip* and stays there *with hands off* until the release lever is touched. How often have you wished for just that! Use it as super pliers, a vice, wrench, clamp and so on, for those endless jobs in and around the home and workshop. 7 in. 12/6, 10 in. 15/-, from Ironmongers, Cycle and Motor Cycle Accessory Dealers.

MOLE

Trade Mark

SELF-GRIP WRENCH

M. MOLE & SON LTD · CHARLOTTE STREET · BIRMINGHAM, 3

State for Foreign Affairs, God bless his trusting heart."

McCrae bent over with interest as Cobb opened the passports and compared the affixed photographs.

"Hardly think it was the same woman, would you?" said McCrae.

The passports were those of Mrs. da Silva, Miss Irene French, Mrs. Olga Kohn, Miss Nina Le Mesurier, Mrs. Gladwys Thomas and Miss Moire O'Neele. They seemed to represent various dark young women whose ages varied between twenty-five and forty.

"It's the different hair-do every time that does it," said Cobb. "Pompadour, curls, straight cut, page-boy bob. . . . She's done something to her nose for Olga Kohn, plumper in her cheeks for Mrs. Thomas. Here are two more—foreign passports—Madame Mahmoudi, Syria; Sheila Donovan, Ireland. I bet she's got bank accounts in all these different names."

"Bit complicated, isn't that?"

"It has to be complicated, my lad. Inland Revenue. It's not so difficult to make money by smuggling goods—but it's hell and all to account for money when you've got it! I bet this little gambling club in Mayfair was started by the lady for just that reason. Winning money by gambling is one of the things an income tax inspector can't check up on.

"A good part of the loot, I should say, is cached around in Continental banks and in Eire. The whole thing's a thoroughly well thought-out, businesslike set up.

"And then, one day, she must have had one of these fake passports lying about at the Hickory Road hostel and that poor little devil Celia Austin saw it."

INSPECTOR SHARPE shuffled the passports from one hand to the other, like a man dealing cards. "It was a clever idea of Miss Hobhouse's," he said. His voice was indulgent, almost fatherly.

"Complicated thing, finance," he went on. "We've had a busy time rushing round from one bank to the other. She covered her tracks well. I'd say that in a couple of years' time she could have cleared out, gone abroad and lived happily ever after on her ill-gotten gains.

"It wasn't a big show; illicit diamonds, sapphires and the rest, coming in, stolen stuff going out—and narcotics on the side. Thoroughly well organized. She went abroad under her own and under different names, but never too often, and the actual smuggling was always done, unknowingly, by someone else. She had agents abroad who saw to the exchange of rucksacks at the right moment.

"Yes, it was a clever idea. And we've got M. Poirot here to thank for putting us on to it. It was smart of her, too, to suggest that psychological stealing stunt to poor little Miss Austin. You were wise to that almost at once, weren't you, M. Poirot?"

Poirot smiled in a deprecating manner and Mrs. Hubbard looked admiringly at him. The conversation was strictly off the record in Mrs. Hubbard's sitting-room.

"Greed was her undoing," said Poirot. "She was tempted by that fine diamond in Patricia Lane's ring. It was foolish of her because it suggested at once that she was used to handling precious stones—that business of prising the diamond out and replacing it with a zircon.

"Yes, that certainly gave me ideas about Valerie Hobhouse. She was clever, though. When I taxed her with inspiring Celia, she admitted it and explained it in a thoroughly sympathetic way."

"But murder!" said Mrs. Hubbard. "Cold-blooded murder. I can't really believe it even now."

Inspector Sharpe looked gloomy. "We aren't in a position to charge her with the murder of Celia Austin yet," he said. "We've got her cold on the smuggling, of course, but the murder charge is more tricky. There's motive, of course, and opportunity. She probably knew all about the bet and Nigel's possession of morphia, but there's no real evidence, and there are the two other deaths to take into account.

"She could have poisoned Mrs. Nicoletis all right—but, on the other hand, she definitely did not kill Patricia Lane. Actually she's about the only person who's completely in the clear. Geronimo says positively that she left the house at six. I don't know whether she bribed him——"

"No," said Poirot, shaking his head. "She did not bribe him."

"And we've the evidence of the chemist at the corner of the road. He knows her quite well and he sticks to it that she came in at five minutes past six and bought face powder and aspirin and used the telephone. She left his shop at a quarter past six and took a taxi from the rank outside."

HERCULE POIROT sat up suddenly in his chair. "But that," he said, "is magnificent! It is just what we want!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that she actually telephoned from the box at the chemist's shop."

Inspector Sharpe looked at him in an exasperated fashion. "Now, see here, M. Poirot. Let's take the known facts. At eight minutes past six, Patricia Lane is alive and telephoning to the police station from this room. You agree to that?"

"I do not think she was telephoning from this room."

"Well then, from the hall downstairs."

"Not from the hall either."

Inspector Sharpe sighed. "I suppose you don't deny that a call *was* put through to the police station? You don't think that all of us there were the victims of mass hallucination?"

"Assuredly not. A call was put through to you—from the public telephone at the chemist's on the corner."

Inspector Sharpe's jaw dropped for a moment.

"You mean that Valerie Hobhouse put through that call? That she pretended to speak as Patricia Lane, and that Patricia Lane was *already dead*?"

"That is what I mean, yes."

The inspector was silent for a moment, then he brought down his fist with a crash on the table. "I don't believe it. The voice—I heard it myself——"

"You heard it, yes. A girl's voice—breathless, agitated. But you didn't know Patricia Lane's voice well enough to say definitely that it *was* her voice."

"*I* didn't, perhaps. But it was Nigel Chapman who actually took the call. You can't tell me that Nigel Chapman could be deceived. *He* would have known if it wasn't Pat's voice."

"Yes," said Poirot. "Nigel Chapman would have known. And Nigel Chapman knew quite well that it *wasn't* Patricia. Who should know better than he, since he had killed her with a blow on the back of the head only a short while before?"

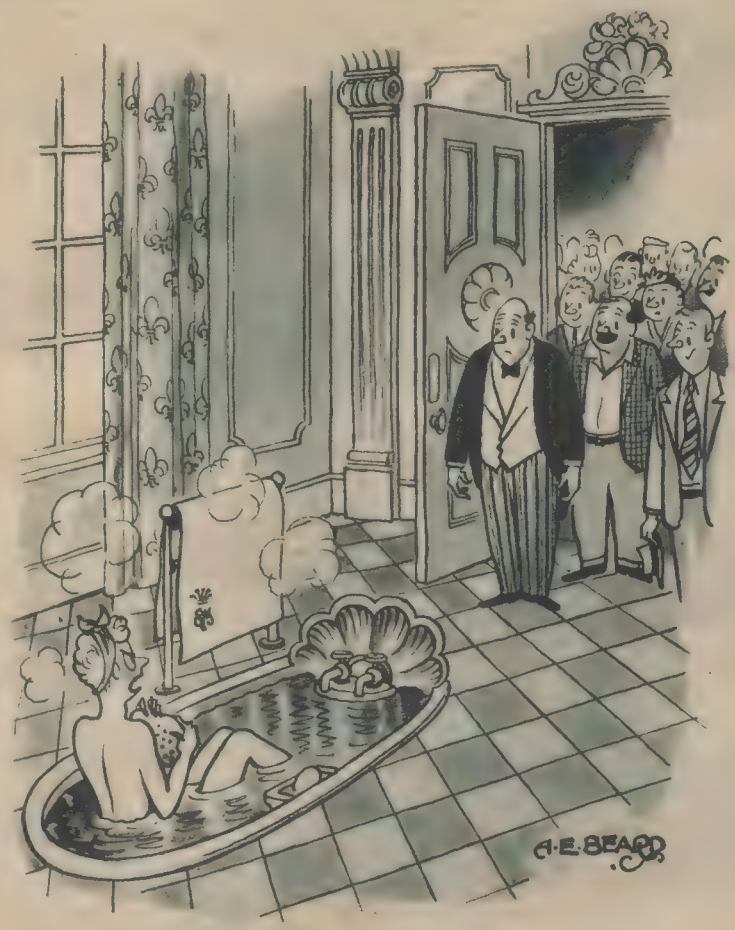
It was a moment or two before the inspector recovered his voice. "Nigel Chapman? Nigel Chapman?" he said then. "But when we found her dead—he cried—cried like a child."

"I dare say," said Poirot. "I think he was as fond of that girl as he could be of anybody. But that wouldn't save her—not if she represented a menace to his interests.

"All along, Nigel Chapman has stood out as the obvious probability. Who had morphia in his possession? Nigel Chapman. Who has the shallow, brilliant intellect to plan, and the audacity to carry out fraud and murder? Nigel Chapman. Who do we

Guess What?

THE object on page 33 is a drawing-room sink, used in the early part of the last century if the housewife preferred to wash up the best china herself rather than entrust it to the servants in the kitchen.



"How often must I tell you, Perkins? House and grounds, Wednesday; grounds *only*, Saturday"

know to be both ruthless and vain? Nigel Chapman.

"He has all the hall-marks of the killer: the overweening vanity, the spitefulness, the growing recklessness that led him to draw attention to himself in every conceivable way—using the green ink in a stupendous double bluff, and finally over-reaching himself by the silly mistake of putting Len Bateson's hairs in Patricia's fingers, oblivious of the fact that as Patricia was struck down from behind, she could not possibly have grasped her assailant by the hair.

"They are like that, these murderers—carried away by their own egoism, by their admiration of their own cleverness, relying on their charm. For he *has* charm, this Nigel—he has all the charm of a spoiled child who has never grown up, who never will grow up; who sees only one thing—himself, and what he wants!"

"But why, M. Poirot? Why murder? Celia Austin, perhaps, but why Patricia Lane?"

"That," said Poirot, "we have got to find out."

OLD Mr. Endicott, the lawyer, peered keenly at Hercule Poirot. "I haven't seen you for a long time," he said. "It's very nice of you to drop in."

"Not really," said Hercule Poirot. "I want something."

"Well, as you know, I'm deeply in your debt. You cleared up that nasty Abernethy business for me."

"I am surprised really to find you here. I thought you had retired."

The old lawyer smiled grimly. His firm was a most respectable and old-established one. He said: "I came in specially today to see a very old client. I still attend to the affairs of one or two old friends."

"Sir Arthur Stanley was an old friend and client, was he not?"

"Yes. We've undertaken all his legal work since he was quite a young man. A very brilliant man, Poirot—quite an exceptional brain."

"His death was announced on the six o'clock news yesterday, I believe."

"Yes. The funeral takes place on Friday. He'd been ailing some time."

"Lady Stanley died some years ago?"

"Two and a half years ago, roughly." The keen eyes below the bushy brows looked sharply at Hercule Poirot.

"How did she die?"

"Overdose of sleeping stuff," the lawyer replied promptly. "Medinal."

"There was an inquest?"

"Yes. The verdict was that she took it accidentally."

"Did she?"

Mr. Endicott was silent for a moment. "I won't insult you," he said. "I've no doubt you've got a good reason for asking. Medinal's a rather dangerous drug, I understand, because there's not a big margin between an effective dose and a lethal one. If the patient gets drowsy and forgets she's taken a dose and takes another—well, it can have a fatal result."

Poirot nodded. "Is that what she did?"

"Presumably. There was no suggestion of suicide, or suicidal tendencies."

"And no suggestion of—anything else?"

"Her husband gave evidence." Again that keen glance was shot at Poirot.

"And what did he say?"

"He made it clear that she did sometimes get confused after taking her nightly dose and ask for another."

"Was he lying?"

"Really, Poirot, what an outrageous question! Why should you suppose for a minute that I should know?"

Poirot smiled. The attempt at bluster did not deceive him. "I suggest, my friend, that you know very well," he said. "But for the moment I will not embarrass you by asking you what you know. Instead I will ask you for an opinion. Was Arthur Stanley the kind of man who would do away with his wife if he wanted to marry another woman?"

Mr. Endicott jumped as though he had been stung by a wasp. "Preposterous," he said angrily. "Quite

Handsome hair

when you check Dry Scalp

YOU'LL never have handsome hair so long as you suffer from Dry Scalp.

Check Dry Scalp with just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, massaged gently into the scalp each morning. This stimulates the flow of the natural oils and helps oil-starved roots. Hair feels and looks healthier — soon it will have that naturally well-groomed look.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a unique blend of the finest natural oils; that's why it does so much for the hair. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredient. Buy a bottle today—it costs only 2/6, or 3/9 for double the quantity.

Dry, scruffy hair that looks a mess? That's a sign you're suffering from Dry Scalp. Start now to check Dry Scalp by massaging daily with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Just twenty seconds daily massage and see the difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils and keeps hair *naturally* handsome all day.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

*'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

6194-3

O.K sauce

fruits and spice and all things nice

No wonder O.K. Sauce has such an appetising flavour—it's made with everything that's good. Sun-ripe tomatoes, dates, raisins, oranges, lemons, mangoes, and special spices—they all go into O.K.—the grown-up sauce that kiddies love. At your grocers, 1/- and 1/6d. a bottle.

Britains best!

GEORGE MASON & CO. LTD., CHELSEA WORKS, LONDON, S.W.

New and for you!

Milk chocolate filled with magic!

Here's a *new* flavour . . . *a never-before-Bounty flavour!*

If you believe full-cream milk chocolate just couldn't be bettered, Bounty will surprise you. Inside, there's South Sea magic. The sweetest, juiciest coconut to blend with the rich chocolate . . . wonderful!

For a real chocolate thrill, have a Bounty to-day!

Two chunky bars . . . only 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

PEBBLESEA COUNCIL
HIRE OF CHAIRS
6d FOR FOUR HOURS
PLEASE GET YOUR TICKET FROM THE ATTENDANT AND RETAIN IT FOR POSSIBLE INSPECTION

THE Pebblesea Council provided deck-chairs on the beach for the use of visitors and holidaymakers. The pile of chairs was in the charge of an attendant, and a large notice stated: "Pebblesea Council. Hire of chairs—6d. for four hours. Please get your ticket from the attendant and retain it for possible inspection."

Teresa decided to take a chair for the day; she read the notice, paid a shilling and was given a chair together with two tickets.

She put the tickets straight into her beach-bag without seeing the words printed on the back: "The council is not liable for any accident arising from the hire of a chair."

A few moments after she had sat down, her chair's canvas, which had rotted, gave way. Teresa fell back, injuring her back. She had to go into hospital, and later sued the council.

Pebblesea Council relied for its defence on the statement printed on the back of the tickets. "If Teresa had used her common sense," said the council's representative, in court, "she would have looked at her tickets. In any case, it makes no difference whether she saw the words or not—the condition was there.

"She has no case against the council because it was a condition of our contract with her that we were not liable for accidents caused by our chairs."

"I thought that the tickets were just receipts for my money," Teresa told the judge. "I believed that they had to be kept only in case the attendant came to inspect them.

"It seemed to me that the notice beside the pile of chairs contained all the conditions about hiring them.

"As I had no idea of the existence of the 'no liability' condition, it is unfair to expect me to be bound by it."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 38

preposterous. And there was no other woman. Stanley was devoted to his wife."

"Yes," said Poirot. "I thought so. And now—I will come to the purpose of my call upon you. Your firm are the solicitors who drew up Sir Arthur Stanley's will. You are, perhaps, his executor?"

"That is so."

"Arthur Stanley had a son. The son quarrelled with his father at the time of his mother's death. Quarrelled with him and left home. He even went so far as to change his name."

"That I did not know. What's he calling himself?"

"We shall come to that," said Poirot. "Before we do I am going to make an assumption. If I am right, perhaps you will admit the fact. I think that Arthur Stanley left a sealed letter with you, a letter to be opened under certain circumstances or after his death."

"Really, Poirot! In the Middle Ages you would certainly have been burned at the stake. How can you possibly know the things you do?"

"I am right then? I think there was an alternative in the letter. Its contents were either to be destroyed—or you were to take a certain course of action."

He paused. The other did not speak.

"*Bon Dieu!*" said Poirot, with alarm. "You have not already destroyed——?"

He broke off in relief as Mr. Endicott slowly shook his head in negation. "We never act in haste," Mr. Endicott said reprovingly. "I have to make full inquiries—to satisfy myself absolutely——"

He paused. "This matter," he said severely, "is highly confidential. Even to you, Poirot——" He shook his head.

"And if I show you good cause why you should speak?"

"That is up to you. I cannot conceive how you can possibly know anything at all that is relevant to the matter we are discussing."

"I do not *know*—so I have to guess. If I guess correctly——"

"Highly unlikely," said Mr. Endicott with a wave of his hand.

Poirot drew a deep breath. "Very well then. It is in my mind that your instructions are as follows. In the event of Sir Arthur's death, you are to trace his son Nigel, to ascertain how he is living, and particularly whether he is or has been engaged in any criminal activity——"

This time Mr. Endicott's impregnable legal calm was really shattered. He uttered an exclamation such as few had ever heard from his lips.

HE said to Poirot: "Since you appear to be in full possession of the facts, I'll tell you anything you want to know. I gather you've come across young Nigel in the course of your professional activities. What's the young devil been up to?"

"I think the story goes as follows. After he left home he changed his name, telling anyone who was interested that he had to do so as a condition of a legacy. He then fell in with some people who were running a smuggling racket—drugs and jewels. I think it was due to him that the racket assumed its final form—an exceedingly clever one, involving the using of innocent *bona fide* students.

"The whole thing was operated by two people, Nigel Chapman, as he now called himself, and a young woman called Valerie Hobhouse who, I think, originally introduced him to the smuggling trade. It was a small private concern and they worked it on a commission basis—but it was immensely profitable.

"Everything went well until one of those unforeseen chances occurred. A police officer came one day to a students' hostel where Nigel was living. I think you know the reason why that particular piece of information should cause Nigel to panic. He thought the police were after *him*. In a panic, he took out into the back yard a certain rucksack that had been used for smuggling drugs, hacked it to pieces and threw it behind the boiler since he feared traces of narcotic might be found in its false bottom.

"His panic was quite unfounded—the police had come on a different matter. But one of the girls in the hostel had looked out of her window and seen him destroying the rucksack.

"That did not immediately sign her death warrant. Instead, a clever scheme was thought up by Nigel and Valerie by which the girl in question was induced to commit certain foolish actions which would place her in a very invidious position. But they carried that scheme too far. I was called in. I advised going to the police.

"The girl lost her head and confessed. She confessed, that is, to the things that *she* had done. But she went, I think, to Nigel, and urged him to confess to the rucksack business.

"Neither Nigel nor his accomplice could consider attention being called to the rucksack. Moreover Celia, the girl in question, had another dangerous piece of knowledge which she revealed, as it happened, the day I dined there. She knew who Nigel really was."

"But surely——" Mr. Endicott frowned.

"Nigel had moved from one world to another. In the hostel nobody knew that his name was Stanley—but Celia suddenly revealed that she knew.

"She also knew that Valerie Hobhouse, on one occasion at least, had travelled abroad on a false passport. She knew too much. The next evening she went out to meet Nigel by appointment somewhere. He gave her a drink of coffee and in it was morphia. She died in her sleep with everything arranged to look like suicide."

Mr. Endicott stirred. An expression of deep distress crossed his face. He murmured something under his breath.

"But that was not the end," said Poirot. "The woman who owned the chain of hostels and students' clubs died soon after in suspicious circumstances, and then, finally, there came the last most cruel and heartless crime. Patricia Lane, a girl who was devoted to Nigel and of whom he himself was really fond, meddled unwittingly in his affairs and, moreover, insisted that he should be reconciled to his father before the latter died.

"She insisted that she was going to write to Nigel's father about him—and I think, my friend, that you can tell me why, in Nigel's view, that would have been such a fatal thing to happen."

Mr. Endicott rose. He went across the room to a safe, unlocked it and came back with a long envelope in his hand. It had a broken red seal on the back. He drew out two enclosures and laid one of them before Poirot.

Dear Endicott,

You will open this after I am dead. I wish you to trace my son Nigel and find out if he has been guilty of any criminal actions whatsoever.

The facts I am about to tell you are known to me only. Nigel has always been profoundly unsatisfactory in his character. He has twice been guilty of forging my name to a cheque. On each occasion I acknowledged the signature as mine, but warned him that I would not do so again.

On the third occasion it was his mother's name he forged. She charged him with it. He begged her to keep silence. She refused. She and I had discussed him, and she made it clear she was going to tell me.

It was then that, in handing her her evening sleeping mixture, he administered an overdose. Before it took effect, however, she had come to my room and told me all about matters. When, the next morning, she was found dead, I knew who had done it.

I accused Nigel and told him that I intended to make a clean breast of all the facts to the police. He pleaded desperately with me.

What would you have done, Endicott? I have no illusions about my son. I know him for what he is, one of those dangerous misfits who have neither conscience nor pity. I had no cause to save him. But it was the thought of my beloved wife that swayed me. Would *she* wish me to execute justice?

I thought that I knew the answer—she would have wanted her son saved from the scaffold. She would have shrunk, as I shrank, from the dragging down of our name.

But there was another consideration. I firmly believe that once a killer, always a killer. There might be, in the future, other victims. I made a bargain with my son, and whether I did right or wrong, I do not know.

He was to write out a confession of his crime which I should keep. He was to leave my house and never return. I would give him a second chance.

But—if he was later convicted of any criminal activity whatsoever, the confession he had left with me should go to the police. I safeguarded myself by explaining that my own death would not solve the problem.

You are my oldest friend. I am placing a burden on your shoulders, but I ask it in the name of a dead woman who was also your friend. Find Nigel. If his record is clean, destroy this letter and the enclosed confession. If not—then justice must be done.

Your affectionate friend,

Arthur Stanley.

"Ah!" Poirot breathed a long sigh. Then he took the second enclosure which Mr. Endicott was now holding out to him.

I hereby confess that I murdered my mother by giving her an overdose of medinal.

Nigel Stanley.

INSPECTOR SHARPE was talking to Valerie Hobhouse. "You quite understand your position, Miss Hobhouse?" he said. "I have already warned you——"

Valerie cut him short. "I know what I'm doing, Inspector," she said abruptly. "You've warned me that what I say will be used in evidence. I'm prepared for that. You've got me on the smuggling charge. I haven't got a hope. That means a long term of imprisonment. This other means

Meet Mr More for Less

Of course I'm well named. I make it my business to get the most out of everything and that goes for my smoking. I make MORE cigarettes for LESS money the Rizla way. Simple to make—more satisfying and longer lasting.

from all Tobacconists

9½d.

CAN SAVE £££'s IN A YEAR AND ITS COST IN A DAY

Follow my example—start rolling your own cigarettes today with

RIZLA

CIGARETTE PAPERS • FILTER TIPS • ROLLING MACHINES

Do you suffer from Exhaustipation?

IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

Mother—protect your children against all risk of head troubles

A fortnightly application of SULEO Hair Emulsion will completely protect your child.

When "unwelcome strangers" are discovered, all members of the family should use SULEO to prevent the condition spreading.

SULEO hair emulsion

Obtainable from all Chemists, in bottles sufficient for six treatments at 2/-. A JEYES' PRODUCT

Write for informative literature to

Dept. JB • JEYES' LABORATORIES LTD
MILLBROOK • CHIGWELL • ESSEX

that I'll be charged as an accessory to murder."

"Your being willing to make a statement may help you, but I can't make any promise or hold out any inducement."

"I don't know that I care. Just as well end it all as rot in prison for years. I want to make a statement. I may be what you call an accessory, but I'm not a killer. I never intended murder or wanted it. I'm not such a fool. What I do want is that there should be a clear case against Nigel. . . ."

She paused for a moment, and then went on: "Celia knew far too much, but I could have dealt with that somehow. Nigel didn't give me time. He got her to come out and meet him, told her that he was going to own up to the rucksack and the ink business and then slipped her the morphia.

"He'd got hold of her letter to Mrs. Hubbard earlier on and had torn out a useful 'suicide' phrase. He put that by her bed, with the empty morphia phial, which he had retrieved after pretending to throw it away. I see now that he'd been contemplating murder for quite a little time. Then he came and told me what he'd done. For my own sake I had to stand in with him.

"The same thing must have happened with Mrs. Nick. He'd found out that she drank, that she was getting unreliable, so he managed to meet her somewhere on her way home, and poisoned her drink. He denied it to me—but I know that that's what he did.

"Then came Pat. He came up to my room and told me what had happened. He told me what I'd got to do—so that both he and I would have an unbreakable alibi. I was in the net by then, there was no way out. . . .

"I suppose, if you hadn't caught me, I'd have got away abroad somewhere and made a new life for myself. But you did catch me. . . . And now I only care about one thing—to make sure that that cruel, smiling devil gets hanged."

Inspector Sharpe drew a deep breath. All this was eminently satisfactory, an unbelievable piece of luck; but he was puzzled.

"I'm not sure that I quite understand," he began.

"You don't need to understand," Valerie said quickly. "I've got my reasons."

Hercule Poirot, who had been a silent listener so far, now spoke very gently. "Mrs. Nicoletis?" he asked. He heard the sharp intake of her breath. "She was—your mother, was she not?"

"Yes," said Valerie Hobhouse. "She was my mother."

* * *

"I do not understand," said Mr. Akibombo plaintively. He looked anxiously from one red head to the other. Sally Finch and Len Bateson were conducting a conversation which Mr. Akibombo was finding hard to follow.

"Do you think," asked Sally, "that Nigel meant me to be suspected, or *you*?"

"Either, I should say," replied Len. "I believe he actually took the hairs from *my* brush."

"I do not understand, please," said Mr. Akibombo. "Was it then Mr. Nigel who jumped the balcony?"

"Nigel can jump like a cat. I couldn't have jumped across that space. I'm far too heavy."

"I want to apologize very deeply and humbly for wholly unjustifiable suspicions."

"That's all right," said Len.

"Actually, you helped a lot," said Sally. "All your thinking—about the boracic."

Mr. Akibombo brightened up.

"One ought to have realized all along," said Len, "that Nigel was a thoroughly maladjusted——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake—you sound just like Colin. Frankly, Nigel always gave me the creeps—and at last I see why. Do you realize, Len, that if poor Sir Arthur Stanley hadn't been sentimental and had turned Nigel straight over to the police, three other people would be alive today? It's a solemn thought."

"Still, one can understand how he felt——"

"Please, Miss Sally."

"Yes, Akibombo?"

"If you meet my professor at university party tonight will you tell him, please, that I have done some good thinking? My professor he says often that I have a muddled thought process."

"I'll tell him," said Sally.

Len Bateson was looking the picture of gloom. "In a week's time you'll be back in America," he said.

There was a momentary silence. "I shall come back," Sally said. Then: "Or you might come and do a course over there."

"What's the use?"

"Akibombo," said Sally, "would you like, one day, to be best man at a wedding?"

"What is best man, please?"

"The bridegroom—Len here, for instance—gives you a ring to keep for him, and he and you go to church very smartly dressed and at the right moment he asks you for the ring and you give it to him, and he puts in on my finger, and the organ plays the wedding march and everybody cries. And there we are."

"You mean that you and Mr. Len are to be married?"

"That's the idea."

"*Sally!*"

"Unless, of course, Len doesn't care for the idea."

"*Sally!* But you don't know—about my father——"

"So what? Of course I know. Your father's nuts. All right, so are lots of people's fathers."

"It isn't a hereditary type of mania. I can assure you of that. Sally, if you only knew how desperately unhappy I've been about you."

"I did just have a tiny suspicion," said Sally.

"In Africa," said Mr. Akibombo, "in old days, before atomic age and scientific thought had come, marriage customs very curious and interesting. I tell you——"

"You'd better not," said Sally. "I have an idea they might make both Len and me blush, and when you've got red hair it's very noticeable when you blush."

Hercule Poirot signed the last of the letters that Miss Lemon had laid before him. "*Très bien,*" he said gravely. "Not a single mistake." He put down his pen.

Miss Lemon looked slightly affronted. "I don't often make mistakes, I hope," she said.

"Not often. But it has happened. How is your sister, by the way?"

"She is thinking of going on a cruise, M. Poirot. A trip to the northern capitals."

"Ah," said Hercule Poirot. "That should be most restorative."

The clock behind him struck one.

"*The clock struck one,*
The mouse ran down—
Hickory, dickory, dock,"

declared Hercule Poirot.

THE END

"Hickory Dickory Dock" by Agatha Christie will be published by William Collins on November 14, at 10s. 6d.

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 37, the judge said that generally a person who makes a contract, like buying a railway ticket or depositing luggage in a cloakroom, is bound by the terms of the document given to him. In this case, however, Teresa was justified in thinking that her tickets were merely receipts for her shilling, and that all the conditions about the hiring of chairs were on the notice beside them. The condition on tickets did not bind her, and she won her case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"... PS. Please excuse the writing"

AGAINST THE SUN

Continued from page 15

and squadron commanders, and they believed in backing to the full the young officers who were doing the job.

Within twenty-four hours, Beamont's requests had been put into action. By day, the prescribed area of concentration would be the exclusive hunting ground of the Tempests helped by squadrons of special Spitfires and Mustangs. By night, the radar-equipped Mosquitoes would carry the brunt of the defence in the air.

Back at Newchurch the whole wing caught Beamont's enthusiasm that the Tempests should prove themselves as the front line defence against the flying bombs. All leave was cancelled. Pilots lived at dispersal points, feeding on irregular meals brought in trucks from the cookhouse, and flying four or five sorties a day.

From dawn to dusk there were always eight Tempests in the air, two patrolling in each of the four sectors between Dover and Eastbourne. By the end of June, out of a total of 370 flying bombs destroyed by fighters and anti-aircraft guns, the Tempest squadrons had accounted for 232.

As shooting down flying bombs lost its novelty and became a matter of routine, the more venturesome pilots sought to test their skill with alternative methods of destruction. Beamont's first success without firing a shot occurred by accident.

He was following a radar track over cloud. From the reports on his radio telephone he knew that he must be getting close to the V.1, and when he found a hole in the cloud three miles inland from Hastings, he decided to get underneath the layer to look for his target.

He put the nose of the Tempest down; immediately he caught his breath. Emerging from the cloud and headed straight across his path was the shadowy shape of a flying bomb.

Jet Of Orange Flame

In that glimpse he knew that he had no time to pull out of the dive or turn away from the bomb. His only hope lay in getting across the track of the V.1 first. Instinctively he jammed the throttle wide open and leaned against the control column, thrusting it as far forward as it would go and pushing the Tempest into a full power dive.

For a horrifying moment he had a clear view of the small, midwing monoplane with its single fin above the jet of orange flame, and the fuselage filled with nearly a ton of explosive; then the nose of the V.1 leaped past his cockpit and was gone.

With wings trembling and vibrating under the strain, he pulled out of the dive into a climbing turn and tore round to attack.

His eyes blinked in disbelief. The target had disappeared. He searched the sky intently and at last spotted below him an orange ball sprouting wings, which disappeared in a flash and a mushroom of smoke. The Tempest's slipstream had upset the robot plane's gyro control and sent it plunging to earth.

Not long afterwards Beamont remembered the incident. The Germans seldom sent over the V.1s singly but usually launched them in waves of six or more. Beamont shot down one at the coast and chased after a second.

He caught it near West Malling, Kent, and fired from two hundred yards. The guns gave one short burst and stopped. He was out of ammunition. There was no other fighter in the area to take over the target. He drew in until he was flying alongside the V.1. He eyed it calculatingly. If he could tilt up one wing, that should send the robot over in a dive to earth.

Edged Close To Bomb

It was not an operation he relished. A touch of the wings was liable to swing the Tempest and flying bomb straight into one another and blow them both to fragments. But was it really necessary to hit the wing? His slipstream had done the trick before.

He thought quickly. Surely the V.1 could be upset by the airflow over the top of his wing, without the need for any dangerous direct contact? Carefully he edged closer, dropping slightly and sliding the wingtip of the Tempest underneath that of the V.1.

The wings rose and fell, wavered and then rushed alarmingly towards one another. He kicked the rudder and skidded sharply out of danger.

Recovering, he saw unhappily that the V.1 was still on its course for London. He swung back into position, and once again began to crab carefully towards the flying bomb.

His nerves were tense, willing the wing to stay steady as, slowly converging, bomb and Tempest raced towards London at 380 m.p.h. Once again he dipped his wing and slithered in until the tip was below that of the V.1.

Checking and holding off, he raised his wing. The gap between the machines narrowed to six inches.

Anticipating every movement, he steadied the Tempest and held it rigid, watching breathlessly. Then, painfully slowly, the airflow over the Tempest's wing took effect. The wing of the flying bomb lifted—and the V.1 heeled over in a dive to earth.

The arrival of the new proximity fused anti-aircraft shells gave strength to the demands of the army that the gun belt round London should be concentrated at the coast.

Accordingly, nearly a thousand guns were transferred to a coastal belt between Beachy Head and St. Margaret's Bay. From July 17, the R.A.F. was prohibited from operating within this belt and took on the rôle of half-back, covering the area between the gun belt and the balloon barrage which, like a goalkeeper, acted as London's last defence.

Once the batteries got into their

DU-LITE

A fine emulsion paint for walls and ceilings

BY THE MAKERS OF DULUX

ICI

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1.

DDT29

A YEAR'S FREE INSURANCE FOR HOUSEHOLDERS!

A 'General' Householders' Comprehensive Policy not only covers you against the many losses and liabilities every householder faces, but after *every five years* without a claim you receive one year's insurance free. Premiums allowed to policyholders under this No Claims Bonus Scheme already exceed £1,000,000!

All normal risks qualify for this concession

General

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD

General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR POST THIS COUPON FOR DETAILS

Please send details of 'General' Householders' Bonus Insurance. J.B.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SERVICE THAT EXCELS

Ordinary laxatives couldn't free her from sluggishness and undigested fats—

She is a new woman since taking

BILE BEANS LAXATIVE *PLUS*

Are you constipated, sluggish, liverish, troubled with indigestion? A faulty digestion or sluggish liver may be causing undigested fats and harmful food wastes to accumulate. These can be responsible for many common ills.

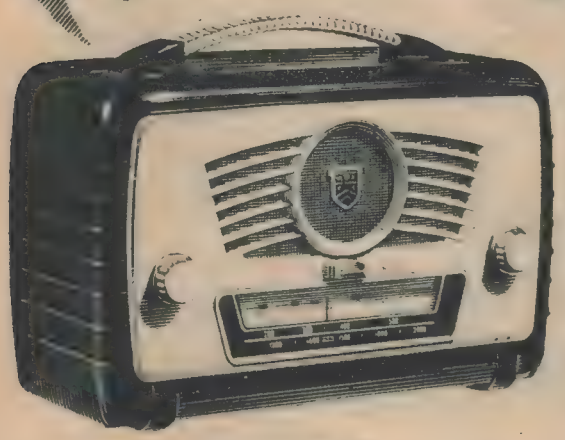
A single-purpose laxative has only limited effect. Attack the *cause* of the trouble with Bile Beans Laxative Plus. These will not only clear away toxic food wastes. They also contain an extra ingredient—tauroglycocholate—recommended by doctors everywhere for breaking up and disposing of undigested fats in such a way that you enjoy the fullest benefit from the valuable A, D and E vitamins in your food. Bile Beans Laxative Plus thus tone up and improve your health and general well-being.

You'd be better taking* BILE BEANS LAXATIVE *PLUS

★ *All Bile Beans now on sale are Bile Beans Laxative Plus.*

2 SETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

THE **ULTRA TWIN**



Play it on mains—pull out the mains plug and it goes on playing (from its self-contained batteries!)

17GNS (*Batteries 19/3 extra*)

OR set (and batteries) supplied for **59/9** Deposit

and 12 monthly payments of 30/-

FROM YOUR LOCAL BRANCH OF:—

★ **BY POST**

Send 59/9 deposit to:—

CURRYS LTD., MAIL ORDER DEPT. 10R WORTHY PARK, WINCHESTER, HANTS

Ф135

Currys LTD.

stride, the army took over the rôle of the front line defence and their successes rose rapidly.

Then Beamont's wing was posted abroad. No answering enthusiasm from Group headquarters met the eagerness with which the Tempest wing arrived in Brussels at the end of September. To members of the 2nd Tactical Air Force to which the wing had been posted, they were the "stay in England boys," the "get your picture in the paper boys."

Even the Air Officer in his address of welcome stressed that they would find things vastly different on the Continent. "Here, the targets fight back, you know," he joked.

But if the flying bombs had not shot back, they had provided high-speed targets which had brought the marksmanship of the Tempest wing to a standard that outclassed that of most fighter units.

Tempest Victory

Even as Beamont tried to control his indignation, a message arrived from 56 Squadron, which was already on its first patrol for 2nd T.A.F.

"You may be interested to see this, sir," said Beamont as the Air Officer finished his address. "It has just come in." He handed him the signal. Encountering a large formation of Focke-Wulfs, the patrolling Tempests had destroyed four, and claimed one probable and another damaged.

A few days later, on October 1, the Tempest wing was moved to Volkel, only a few miles from the Rhine, the most forward main base in the British sector of the front.

With a German battery only two and a half miles away, war was no longer confined to isolated seconds of pent-up activity in air combat or ground-strafing sorties, to which Beamont had become accustomed. Air fighting took place now against a background of regular barrages from ground batteries.

On the flight to Volkel, Beamont had suffered a direct hit in the starboard tailplane from 37 mm. flak, and another pilot had been shot down while actually in the circuit of the aerodrome.

Next day on a low-level patrol over Nijmegen, Beamont destroyed a F.-W.190. "Pleasant scrap with fifteen or twenty F.-W.190s over town," he entered in his log-book. "Huns tried to dive away. Caught one at 510 m.p.h. and shot him down in flames near Cleve. Much flak."

It was to be his last victory. Almost as if fate were intervening with a chance to hold back the inevitable, Philip Lucas arrived at Volkel on October 10 in a Spitfire. He had obtained permission from Fighter Command to invite Beamont to return to Langley in the near future on completion of his third tour of operations; and then on discharge from the R.A.F. to join Hawker's as Number Two experimental test pilot.

Too Good To Miss

Beamont hesitated. The idea was attractive, and held out good prospects of his becoming chief test pilot within a reasonable period. In peacetime there was nothing he would have wanted more. But this was not peacetime.

"Can you leave it open for a while?" he suggested. Out of 491 operational sorties totalling 630 hours, he had done ninety-four sorties over enemy territory. It would be nice, he thought, to round off the century. "Let me do that first," he said, "and then I'll think about it."

Two days later he had made up his mind and accepted the offer. The opportunity was too good to risk jeopardizing, but before he left the wing, he was going to round off the hundred sorties.

He watched Philip Lucas take off for England, and returned to his operations caravan. Almost immediately there was a call for an armed reconnaissance by two squadrons, of the Münster area.

He led the wing straight on to course for Rheine at two thousand feet, cross the front at the Reichwald Forest. They picked up the Rhine and the railway track between Nijmegen and Bocholt; travelling west along the line came a train—a sight so unusual that it was almost an affront.

For weeks past, the 2nd Tactical Air Force had prided itself that enemy communications by day had been brought to a standstill; but here, speeding across open country with no cover, was an exceptionally long train.

Beamont decided that its length, and the fact that it was taking the suicidal risk of daytime travel, marked it as of vital importance.

Sending 56 Squadron to Münster, he wheeled 3 Squadron round for a beam attack.

"Hallo Corncob aircraft," he called. "Echelon for attack to port, go!"

Already, as he dived leading the attack, the train was pulling up, and the length of it was seething into a mass of jumping, tumbling soldiers, dashing from the still-moving coaches to throw themselves flat on the grass.

He raked the train steadily in a long gunburst and, pulling out of the dive on the far side, circled to watch the rest of the squadron follow, one after the other, into the attack. Light flak, from a gun immediately behind the engine, stopped quickly under a flurry of shell bursts.

A troop train with so many hundreds of soldiers lying in the field alongside was a target that justified departure from his policy of not ground strafing the same objective twice, Beamont decided. He spoke into his microphone: "Hallo, Corncob aircraft. Anyone out of ammunition orbit five miles south. The rest follow me in again."

Foolhardy Attack

Machine-gun and small arms fire greeted the second attack but did no apparent damage as the Tempests exhausted their ammunition. There was no more to be done, but in a moment of restlessness, Beamont could not leave well alone.

For his third run over the train there was no excuse. He was out of ammunition, and he had no one but himself to blame for going down again.

Curious to know the effect of the attack, he dived low and flew down the length of the train. The puffs and flashes of the machine-gun fire from the troops in the field did not disturb him, but the flak gun, reopening fire at point blank range as he drew level with the engine, caught him unexpectedly. Someone had courageously climbed back on to the train to man the gun.

It was not until the squadron had re-formed on him that he knew he had been hit. "Corncob leader," reported

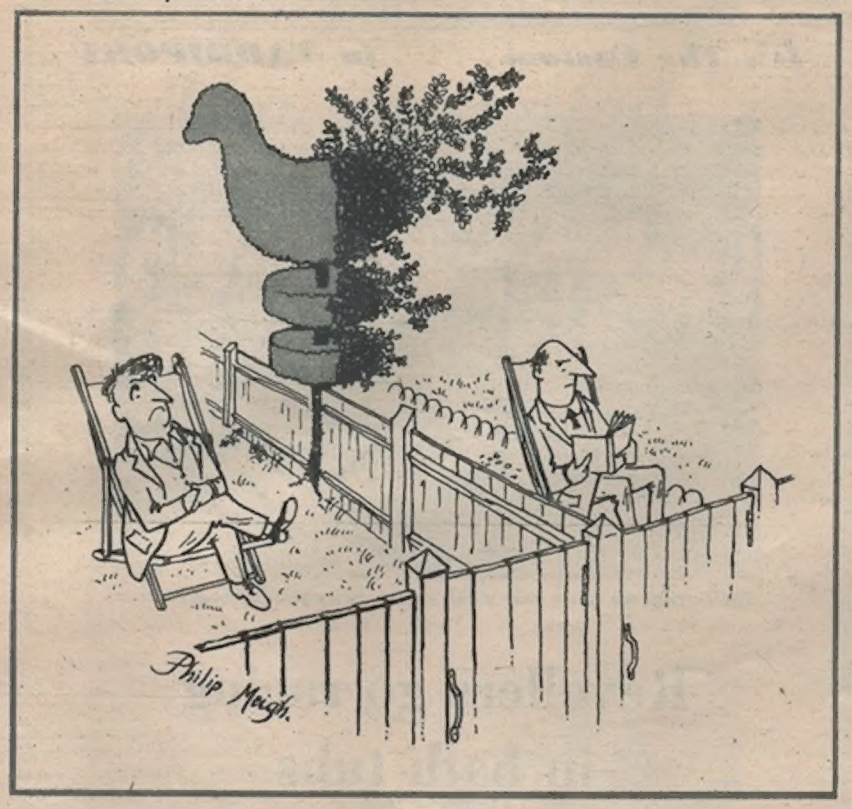
---

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

FERNANDEL

the long-faced film star who is Europe's biggest joke

by ANTONY FERRY



his Number Two. "You are streaming smoke."

Beamont looked at his instruments. The radiator temperature was soaring dangerously high. He called up the deputy leader and told him to take the squadron home.

Home. He was only thirty miles from the British lines, but he knew from the start that there was no hope of reaching base. He had covered ten miles when the motor seized. He was at two thousand feet, over heavily wooded territory.

"Bale out!" called his Number Two. "Corncob leader, bale out!"

Chanced A Crash

Beamont dismissed the idea at once. Below was the German front line, a heavily fortified area, full of troops. It seemed preferable to stay in the machine and take his chance in a crash landing in the forest. Holding the Tempest in a glide, he watched the treetops come to meet him.

The topmost straggling branches were reaching out, grasping at him and he was easing up the nose, trying to choose the best place for the inevitable crash. It could be no more than a matter of seconds, he knew. He reconciled himself to the inevitable.

And then, unexpectedly, the forest ended, and with violent control movements he brushed down through the branches of the edging trees into a haven of paddock, an isolated clearing in the midst of the thickly wooded region.

Wire and dangling posts from the fence wrapped themselves round the nose and wings but failed to stop the Tempest as it ploughed across the field, slithered over a ditch and came to rest on the far side.

Beamont jumped out unharmed and threw the emergency incendiary bomb into the cockpit. The aircraft took a despairingly long time to catch fire before he could set off down the lane at the end of the field, into the woods.

He was wearing a gabardine golfing jacket over his uniform. Put a reasonable distance between the burning aircraft and himself, he thought, and there was no reason why he should not pass as a civilian. But he was barely free of the field, before an old man, yelling "*'Alt. 'Alt*" [stop] came chasing angrily after him.

Beamont tried in vain to ignore him. Catching up, the man slashed viciously with his scythe. Beamont dodged the murderous sweep by inches, but in jumping backwards he stumbled and fell. Again, with the scythe raised, the man came at him, and there was no doubting his intention. Desperately Beamont pulled out his Service revolver and fired.

The noise of the shot echoed with terrifying loudness, as if proclaiming his presence to all Germany, but from the man there was no sound at all. The swing of the scythe stopped in mid-air, he fell forward on his face and lay still. Beamont began to run.

The incident had upset him. Apart from the unpleasant necessity of being forced to shoot, the murderous hate in which the German had tried to cut him to pieces had brought home forcibly the extreme change that had taken place in his position and outlook within a matter of ten minutes.

The buoyant confidence of the member of a conquering army had gone. In its place were the fears and apprehensions of a fugitive on the run.

The obvious thing to do was to make for the Rhine, and try to hide up in the woods until the Allies crossed the river. He had no pocket compass to guide him, and he headed towards the sun which was setting in the western sky. He had been going for about half an hour when he grew conscious that someone was following him.

He looked round. A boy in his early teens, wearing the black shorts and shirt of the Hitler Youth movement, was tracking slowly behind him on a bicycle. Beamont turned straight into the woods, and quickened his pace.

Still the boy followed, pedalling furiously, bumping over tree roots and rough ground. But soon the distance between them increased as the boy tired under the heavy going. At last Beamont looked back and found no sign of him.

Gunfire Rang Out

Veering back in the direction of the sun, he continued his trek west. Unexpectedly he came to another clearing, a field in which a dozen men and women were hoeing beets. Some of the farm labourers glanced at him with idle curiosity, but they took no more notice and continued with their work.

Beamont's morale rose, but his confidence was shortlived. As he hurried along, spasmodic bursts of machine-gun fire rang out from the woods behind him. Nerving himself, Beamont continued steadfastly.

Suddenly round a bend, with guns at the ready, came a party of ten Wehrmacht Reserve veterans, led by a young corporal. With them, shouting excitedly, was the boy on the bicycle. Beamont raised his hands. . . .

When he was released from a German prison camp eight months later, Beamont's days as a fighter pilot were over. But peace brought excitement of a new kind—the chance to become chief test pilot for the English Electric Company and to pioneer Britain's first jet bomber in the air.

NEXT WEEK: Beamont dives into the sound barrier

Her tender skin healed

quickly and cleanly

This letter refers to a small child who suffered with skin trouble — until Germolene made it better!

"I am writing to say how grateful I am with the results of using Germolene for my little girl . . . It is hard to believe that in two weeks such a recovery could be made . . . and only with one tin of Germolene."

(Signed) E.H.W., Brighton 7.

Protect your children's skin with Germolene, the healing ointment, the ointment which soothes at a touch. Soothing Germolene relieves the most unbearable itching, the most painful irritation. It is known that skin heals more quickly, more cleanly, when protected from water as well as from dirt and germs That is why protective Germolene, with its pure medicinal oils, makes for such quick, clean healing. Get a tin of Germolene now.

Use Germolene for ECZEMA, ABRASIONS, SPOTS, CUTS, SORE FEET, RASHES, and EVERYDAY SKIN TROUBLES.

Germolene

1/8 and 3/10 a tin

The healing ointment

STIMULATES NATURAL HEALING PROCESSES

BECOME A DRAUGHTSMAN

—QUALIFY AT HOME

There is a great demand for Engineering and Building Draughtsmen. So acute is the present shortage that employers are only too anxious to engage those with no previous practical experience who are able to prepare neat and accurate drawings.

LEARN AT HOME—IN SPARE TIME

After brief, intensely interesting study—undertaken at home in your spare time—YOU can secure an attractive and interesting post as a Draughtsman. Numerous vacancies are also available in Elec., Aero., Mechanical, Jig & Tool, etc., branches of Draughtsmanship.

FREE GUIDE

The Free Guide contains 132 pages of information of the greatest importance to those seeking such success-compelling qualifications as A.M.I.Mech.E., A.F.R.Ae.S., A.M.I.P.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., Gen. Cert. of Educ., and B.Sc., etc., also R.A.F. Entry (Maths., etc.) together with particulars of our remarkable Guarantee of:

SUCCESS—OR NO FEE

Write now for your copy of this remarkable publication. It may well prove to be the turning point in your career

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING

(Dept. 50), 148-150 HOLBORN, E.C.1

(South Africa: E.C.S.A., P.O. Box 8417, Johannesburg).

POST COUPON NOW

To NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING (Dept. 50), 148-150 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Please forward details of your guaranteed tutorial service to:

NAME .....

.....

Exam. or Career in which interested.....

.....

(1½d. stamp only required if unsealed)

HÆMORRHOIDS

an entirely new treatment

Swallow this tablet and relieve the pain

Hæmorrhoid sufferers have long been looking for a form of treatment that brings lasting relief from the trouble and at the same time is clean and easy to use.

Hemotabs, an entirely new treatment, are the answer. You take them with a glass of water—just like you would an aspirin.

Hemotabs not only bring soothing relief from the pain and distress, but, acting inside the body, they reduce the swellings and promote healing. In addition, Hemotabs are mildly laxative, and help to restore normal actions, so important for full recovery and long-lasting freedom from pain.

HEMOTABS

Hemotabs cost only 2/6

Available from all Chemists

'HELP YOURSELF' BAITS THE TRAP

Continued from page 17

multiple chains specializing in groceries. Although they amount to only two per cent of all the grocers' shops in this country, they have captured five per cent of the grocery trade.

Galvani, who is a thirty-two year old son of radio actor Dino Galvani ("Signor So So" in ITMA), has been a B.B.C. effects boy and an assistant film director. He quickly discovered that his career as a silent salesman—"I sell by temptation"—involved numerous subtleties.

By issuing questionnaires and buttonholing customers at exits, he has found that women like music while they shop; that they are attracted by loosely gummed labels which peel off to reveal recipes underneath, and that they prefer pastel décors to a ruthlessly clinical white.

Advertising Helps

Much depends on the positioning of goods on display. Luxuries, like sauces and pickles, have to be placed at a level where they catch the eye, whereas lines which sell easily, such as flour and soap powders, can be relegated to upper or lower shelves.

Even when customers can be persuaded to look at a product, selling it depends on the attractiveness of the wrapper, or on whether the product has been advertised.

A phenomenon of self-service which has baffled Galvani is the "hot spot." This is the position where items have sold immediately, for little apparent reason. When he opened a branch six weeks ago—after intensive publicity, including a helicopter flying overhead—a stand loaded with tins of apricots which are usually a slow-moving line suddenly showed itself as a "hot spot." It sold 4,080 tins in three days.

Shopkeepers are watching business being increased by such means and every month thirty are being converted to self-service.

Encouragement to shopkeepers to try the experiment comes chiefly from a well-known firm of cash register makers. On the chance of selling their machines, some of which cost £300 each, they have considered it worth while to set up an advisory bureau which will redesign shops free of charge.

"Some shops which were already well equipped have been converted for as little as £35," says Harold Makins, the manager of the bureau, "but most have had to spend between £500 and £3,000 on check-out desks, pricing equipment, refrigerated cabinets, new shelving and island display stands."

Wire baskets cost up to 13s. each, but manufacturers of foods and other products have been offering a subsidy of 5s. 6d. a basket on condition that advertisements are fixed on the sides.

Except for a few shops in neighbourhoods which have not been busy enough to justify self-service, the return on the outlay for conversion has been swift, and sometimes far beyond expectations. One small London grocery store increased its turnover from £200 to £2,200 a week in two years.

Business Rocketed

A more typical instance occurred in Birmingham. Two of a firm's shops, in identical locations, were chosen for comparison when one of them went over to self-service. The managing director reported that business in the conventional type of shop rose by eighty-five per cent in six years, while its rival produced an increase of 171 per cent. Moreover, the self-service shop has a wages bill of only 5.01 per cent of the turnover. The other has to set aside nearly eight per cent.

Early hopes that the higher profits and lower running costs of self-service would bring down the prices of a wide range of goods have not yet been realized. When Galvani knocked 3d. off tubes of toothpaste, a trade association threatened to withhold supplies unless he restored the original price. He believes that, in time, the self-service movement will be strong enough to decide its own price policies.

Galvani anticipates the erection of huge supermarkets with car parks, restaurants and children's rooms on comparatively cheap land outside large towns. When it happens, he says, there will be a reduction in the number of ordinary shops.

Predictions of such far-reaching consequence are causing anxiety among retailers. "Self-service is a very contentious subject," says Ronald Rooke, chairman of the Self-service Development Association, a body representing 150 firms. "It has split the grocery trade completely."

On the one hand are the shops which have tried it and are enthusiastic; on the other are the traditionalists who maintain that while "help-yourself" may be all very well for Americans, who started it to save labour costs in the 1929-31 depression and found it popular, it is too revolutionary for Britons.

The most frequent objection raised against self-service is the danger of pilfering, but the development association claims that it is over-estimated.

A London self-service shop with an average weekly turn-over of £2,240 budgets for a loss of £5 10s. worth of merchandise. At a smaller shop the loss in a weekly turnover of £1,355 works out at £3 12s. This, in view of the volume of business, is not regarded as excessive.

Galvani, who has prosecuted an average of twelve customers a year for theft, uses two methods to cut down pilfering. He stacks his displays high, to form a maze in which a shopper dare not slip anything into her pocket for fear that someone might come round a corner.

Also, he relies on "magic mirrors," which appear to be ordinary mirrors put near the ceiling for decorative purposes, but are in fact the windows of the manager's upstairs office. The special glass can be seen through from behind, and shoppers can be watched without knowing it.

An ingenious method of dealing with a light-fingered customer was used in a self-service store at Newcastle upon Tyne. She was seen to help herself to six marshmallow biscuits and put them into a shopping bag, instead of the wire basket provided by the management.

At the cash desk, the manageress politely insisted on packing the woman's bag with the purchases taken from the basket. "I made a great show of ramming them down forcibly," she says, "and the biscuits were squashed to a messy pulp. The woman is still a customer—but an honest one." THE END

It's The Custom . . . in TADDIPORT

The Torridge tub racers cover a mile course. Every year, someone capsizes

Revellers go racing in bath tubs

YOUNG Harry Parish's tub capsized and sank during the tub race on the Torridge at Taddiport, North Devon, last year. "We were worried about him for a while, but he got to the shore safely," says William Hutchings, who is a postman and chairman of the Taddiport Revel Committee.

The Torridge is a fast-flowing river with deep pools, and the tub race is always a great attraction at the Taddiport Revel. The six competitors paddle the mile from the Town Mills at Great Torrington to Taddiport village in old-fashioned galvanized iron bath tubs, with oil drum floats. They have to go carefully: the tubs have only a few inches of freeboard. "Every year someone capsizes," says Hutchings. "Anyway, they all get soaked."

Taddiport is just a hamlet in the parish of Little Torrington, but its annual Revel, on the first Saturday in July, attracts as many as five hundred visitors.

They find dart boards, skittle alleys, and fishing rods for drawing bottles of pop from buckets sprinkled round the riverside field next to the Buckingham Arms. But first there is a church service, held in the tiny fourteenth-century lepers' church of St. Mary Magdalene.

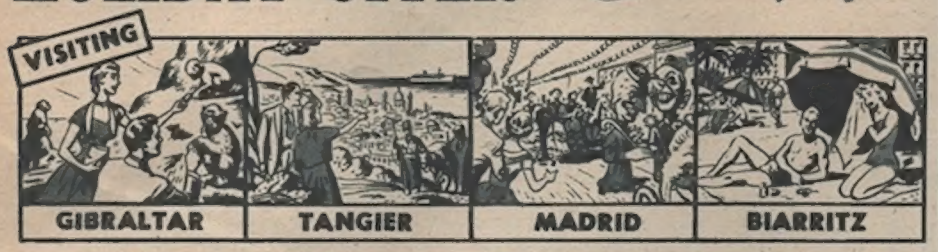
After tea, there are sports for the adults. In one event the men run twenty yards, dress in women's clothing, and then run fifty yards to the finishing post.

Last year, there was a comic maypole. Jack Skinner and Sammy Tompkins were the King and Queen of the May. The men of Taddiport wore skirts and dresses for the Maypole dance.

In the evening comes the carnival—a fancy dress parade led round the village by the Torrington band. Last year a prize went to Hilda Woods and Rose Dymon, dressed as the Mayor and Mayoress of Taddiport. "We were all amused at that," says Hutchings. "Our population is about a hundred and forty."

The Taddiport Revel was revived in 1951 after a lapse of twenty years. "It is really the revival of our old Taddiport Club Sports," says Hutchings. "These were always a great event in the life of the village, and we wanted them back."

FIRST AIR TOUR HOLIDAY OFFER



Win "Bullets"
£500 FIRST PRIZE plus WONDER TOUR
for 2, 3 or 4 words

PLANE and hotel arrangements (by B.E.A. and Cooks) ensure winner and companion an enthralling 9-day, 2,000-mile HOLIDAY TOUR of Spain, Northern Africa and Southern France. (Winner chooses Tour date—cash offer in lieu if preferred)

OTHER AWARDS: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 500 NEW "TEN-SHOT" PRIZES WITH 500 EXTRAS

1,000 "Good Shots"—£2 FOOD EXTRAS, see below

THIS WAY to PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,100

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Cloud Over Britain	Hubby's A Dear, But
In The Realm Of Romance	On His Head
The Little Ones	Those Slot-machines
Wave Of Strikes	Taking The Air
Round The Table	The New Teacher
Won't Be Dictated To	Exotic, Alluring And
Tick-tock, Tick-tock	Going Places
Devouring Flame	Blushing And Giggling
Whistle Of The Engine	Busy As A Bee
Racing	At The Garden-party

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

If I Had More.....	Slapped On The.....
A Flying.....	Service With A.....
Something To	Let The.....Down

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX ..... 6d.

B

EX ..... 6d.

B

EX ..... 6d.

B.

EX ..... 6d.

B.

FOOD EXTRAS A luxury food Bonus accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,995

Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 11

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Signed.....

Address.....

Value.....

No.....

THRILLING "VENICE WEEKEND" OFFER—BOOK YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated July 23, containing "Venice Weekend" Offer and NEW Summertime Privilege.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... 808

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

Chief Winners No. 1,990

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Birthday Surprise: J. Kirwan, 14 Princess Street, Wolverhampton:

Blinding Flashes, Welding "Four Corners"?

£25 plus Birthday Surprise: Mrs. I. Harries, 1 Manor Court, Newport, Barnstaple: THE ROYAL FAMILY—RELAXING—ONLY CAMERA, DADDY'S!

£10 plus Birthday Surprise: C. Day, 91 Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham: JOY TO RELAX—WHERE WILLOWS "TOUCHING TOES."

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. J. M. Page, 35 Honington Crescent, Burton Road, Lincoln: HOTTING UP—TODAY'S "PICKLES"—"PEPPERY" UNIONS! £8: W. H. Richards, 72 Heol Llan, North Cornelly, Bridgend: IN THAT CAR—IMAGINE YOU'VE BUILT-IN *Examiner*! £7: W. H. Pearce, 44 Harewood Avenue, Boscombe East: JOY TO BEHOLD—LONDON *Coppers'* "STRIKE ACTION"! £6: W. Anderton, 167 Queens Road, Keighley: WITH A PAINT-BRUSH—TROWEL *And* CONSTITUENCY—RETIREMENT? £5: C. J. Branfield, 40 Elm Lane, Bristol: LIKE A SHOT—FROM HYPODERMIC, GRANDPA'S NUDGE! £5: P. H. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead: A NASTY CORNER—EVER SINCE STAGE-COACH ACCIDENT! £5: D. B. Munro, 225 Cumbernauld Road, Muirhead, Glasgow: REMEMBER TOLPUDDLE AND—HONOUR MARTYRS, HONOURING *Card*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated July 30 and in JOHN BULL dated August 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 23, for early news of No. 1,995 result.)

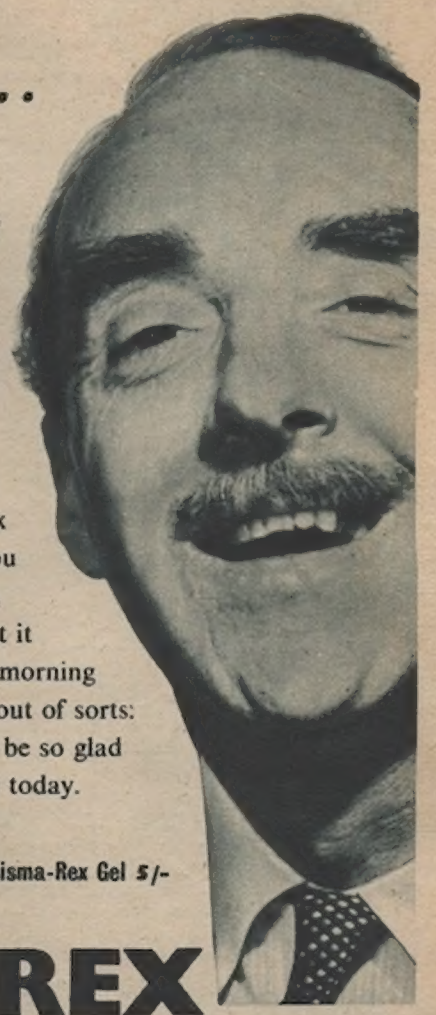
POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,995, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

GRAND FAMILY SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

It's a happy thought...

NO MORE INDIGESTION!



No more going through it after meals—no more of those awful burning pains. Rexall Bisma-Rex relieves your indigestion, puts you right again in no time, so gently, pleasantly and *lastingly*. At night it helps you to sleep better; in the morning it's just what you need if you're out of sorts. Keep Bisma-Rex handy—you'll be so glad of it. Ask your chemist for some today.

Bisma-Rex Powder 3/- Tablets 2/- Bisma-Rex Gel 5/-

Rexall **Bisma-REX**

You can depend on any product bearing the name Rexall

REXALL DRUG COMPANY LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS

BELSTAFF

Also worn by

FARMERS

FARM-WORKERS

TRACTOR-DRIVERS

TRANSPORT-DRIVERS

and HEAVY MANUAL LABOURERS

"PERFECTION IN PROTECTION" from ONLY £5.5.0

Look for the BELSTAFF *Your sure Guarantee* BRAND

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOTOR-CYCLE CLOTHING

MEN'S garments supplied in the standard sizes 34" to 44" chest.

Larger sizes can be supplied to order.

LADIES' coats and suits in all styles and sizes.

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING MOTOR-CYCLE DEALERS AND ALL REPUTABLE STORES

Write for illustrated folder showing the full BELSTAFF range

BELSTAFF MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. LONGTON • STOKE-ON-TRENT

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

39. New B

It's the appetising taste of Guinness that goes so well with food

SOMEONE's been to a lot of trouble over these snacks. Someone wants to make sure they're appreciated. Hence the Guinness. Guinness is the very thing with tasty food.

Probably there was a time — most of us can remember it — when you liked sweet drinks with savoury things. But taste grows up, like anything else. You get to know what's appetising. And the taste of Guinness is an appetising taste if ever there was one.

When yeast is not just yeast

Now why *is* this? Mostly it's because Guinness is brewed naturally. No fancy processes. No fancy ingredients. Just barley, hops, and Guinness yeast.

Yes *Guinness* yeast — not just yeast. Yeast is a living thing, and Guinness have been breeding their own thoroughbred strain for 200 years — long enough for Guinness yeast to have a family character of its own. Without that character Guinness simply wouldn't be Guinness. And it's natural brewing that preserves it, to help make your Guinness lively, clean-tasting, appetising, good for you.

G.E.2487.C